

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1878.

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#### CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ending Jan.

Monday, Jan. 14th. Christmas Amusements.—Grand Pantomime, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, Giza's Troupe, Wieland's Entertainment, Dr. Lynn's Living Marionettes, &c. MONDAY TO FRIDAY, ONE SHILLING. SATURDAY, HALF-A-CROWN; or by Season Ticket.

#### ROYAL AQUARIUM. GRAND HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of entertainments, will this year surpass all other rival establishments. Doors open at 11. Admittance One Shilling. 11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Laplander, Men and Women, Reindeer, Sledges, Dogs, etc. The Chimpanzee, Pongar, the Sacred Monkey, the Abyssinian Snake Charmer, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas. The Aquarium (finest in the world) the New Seal Tank, George Cruikshank's Collections, War Sketches of the Illustrated London News.

2.30. The Grand Christmas Pantomime, A FROG HE WOULD A WOOLING GO, in the Theatre. The Pantomime of the season.  
3.0. First Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.  
5.30. Zazel, the marvellous.  
7.30. Second performance of the Gorgeous Pantomime in the Theatre.  
8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.  
10.30. Zazel's Second Performance.

The Matthew's Minstrels, original C. C. C. of St. James's Hall, specially engaged, afternoon and evening; Ethardo, the Spiral Ascensionist, Benedetti, the Sword Swallower. Vol Becqui's pupils, Inca, from Peru, Leon, the Contortionist, the Great Japanese troupe, the Dare Brothers, Peterson's Dogs, Heriott and Little Lorie. Perform afternoon and evening. The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day.

The Daily and Weekly Papers say: Mr. Robertson has again provided a Pantomime as full of go and fun as last year. A FROG HE WOULD A WOOLING GO is one of the distinct successes of the season; no praise is too high for the admirable way in which the Aquarium Pantomime has been placed on the stage. Scenery and dresses are superb, and the acting throughout far above the average. The enthusiasm evoked in the Corridor Scene when troupe after troupe of different nationalities succeed each other is unbounded; the music is well chosen; the dresses bright; the acting first-rate, and the scenery marvellous. Every child should, in any case, see A FROG HE WOULD A WOOLING GO. The Harlequinade is the funniest and best of the year. Paulo the Clown is certainly the clown of clowns.

### THEATRES.

#### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Every Evening during the Week, will be produced the Grand Christmas Comic Pantomime, THE WHITE CAT, by E. L. Blanchard, scenery by W. Beverley, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in London. Double Harlequinade. Morning Performance, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

#### THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

EVERY EVENING, and till further notice, PUSS IN BOOTS. Mille. Cavalazzi and Ballet of 300. Prices and Day Performances as usual. Box office open from 10 to 5 by Mr. Edward Hall. No fees.

#### PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

Walter Gooch.—Miss HEATH as Jane Shore.—15th Night. In consequence of the enormous success that has attended the revival of W. G. Wills's Drama, JANE SHORE, it will be repeated every Evening for a few weeks longer, with the following exceptional cast: Miss Heath, Messrs. C. Warner, W. Rignold, Howard Russell, &c., Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. R. Power, &c. Preceded, at seven, by OUT TO NURSE. Mr. Harry Jackson and Miss Fannie Leslie. Great Snow Scene (winter by night).

NOTICE.—Due notice will be given of the production of Ross Niel's Play, ELFINELLA. Free List suspended.

#### LYCEUM.—Mrs. S. F. Bateman, Lessee and

Manager. MR. HENRY IRVING, by general request, will appear during the week on alternate nights and three of his most popular characters. The plays will be given as follows:—Monday, 14th, and Thursday, 17th, CHARLES I. Tuesday, 15th and Friday, 18th, LYONS MAIL. Wednesday, 16th, and Saturday, 19th, THE BELLS. Also Saturday morning at 2, CHARLES I. Received with remarkable enthusiasm by a brilliant audience last Saturday.

#### THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Buckstone.—At 7.30 the farce HE LIES LIKE TRUTH. At 8.15, an original farcical Comedy by W. S. Gilbert, entitled ENGAGED, produced under the immediate direction of the Author. Last Nights. Mesdames Marion Terry, Julia Stewart, Lucy Buckstone, E. Thorne, J. Roselle, M. Harriss, Morelli, Harrison, etc. Messrs. Howe, Kyrle, Crouch, Weathersby, Rivers, and George Honey (specially engaged). Doors open at 7. Box-office 10 to 5.

Morning Performance of "Engaged," on Saturday next at 2.30.

#### TURN OF THE TIDE (enormous success), by

F. C. BURNAND. Every Evening at 8. Preceded at 7 by A ROUGH DIAMOND. The most powerful company in London.—Box-office Hours 10 to 5. No Booking Fees. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

#### CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.  
278TH NIGHT OF PINK DOMINOS.

Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Edgar Bruce, J. Clarke, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris. Mesdames Fanny Josephs, M. Davis, Eastlake, Rose Saker, E. Bruce.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

#### FOLLY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. Immense success of the Special Christmas Novelty. Every Evening, at 7.30, PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY. Mr. W. J. Hill, in his original part. At 8.45, A NIGHT OF TERROR, a Musical Madness, in three acts, Flat Burglary as ever was committed. From the French, by Charles Wyndham and Arthur Mathison. Supported by Messrs. W. J. Hill, C. Ashford, P. Day, Dalton, and John Howson; Mesdames Katrine Munroe, Violet Cameron, &c. Musical Director, Mr. Edward Solomon. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

#### NEW ROYALTY.—Lessee and Manageress

Miss Kate Santley.—80th Night of LA MARJOLAINE. The new song, "That's the way I do it," and "She lost her way," sung by Miss Kate Santley, and encored nightly. Every Evening at 8.30, Lecocq's LA MARJOLAINE. Miss Kate Santley. Supported by Miss Rose Cullen, &c.; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, Mervin, and Lionel Brough. Preceded at 7.30 by LOVE'S ALARMS, in which Mr. Lionel Brough will appear. Box office open from 11 till 5 daily.

#### GLOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management

of Mr. E. RIGHTON. Mr. J. L. TOOLE in the CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, TRYING A MAGISTRATE, and ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS. (Last nights in consequence of the production of H. J. Byron's New Comic Drama A FOOL AND HIS MONEY. Thursday next, January 17th, at 7, CRYPTO. The only Morning performance of ARTFUL CARDS, THIS DAY at 2. SATURDAY MORNING NEXT, MONEY, with powerful cast.—Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

#### OPERA COMIQUE.—THE SORCERER.

Every Evening, at 8.45, this entirely new and original modern comic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Mmes. Howard Paul, Giulia Warwick, H. Keverard, and Irene Ware; Messrs. G. Bentham, Temple, Rutland Barrington, F. Clifton, and G. Grossmith, jun. At 8, DORA'S DREAM. Doors open at 7.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager for the Comedy-Opera Company (Limited).

#### OPERA COMIQUE.—Eighth Morning Per-

formance of THE SORCERER, SATURDAY Next, Jan. 19th, at 2.30. After the opera, Mr. George Grossmith, jun., will give his Musical Drawing-room Sketch, A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

#### ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE.  
Last nights of the HOUSE OF DARNLEY.

Every Evening, at 8.15, will be performed an original Comedy of modern life, in Five Acts, entitled THE HOUSE OF DARNLEY, written by Lord Lytton. Characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss B. Henri, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. Titherley, Miss A. Bishop, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Hare. Box-office hours, 11 to 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.  
VICIIMS, a comedy in 3 acts, written by Tom Taylor, is in rehearsal and will shortly be produced.

#### VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—965th

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron, (605th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Farren, Thorne, Garthorne, Bernard, Legoc, Austin and James. Mesdames Hollingshead, Bishop, Walters, Richards, Larkin, &c. Free list entirely suspended. N.B.—Morning Performances of OUR BOYS (by desire), This Day (Saturday), and Saturday, Jan. 19th, 20th, and Feb. 2nd.

#### SURREY THEATRE.—Another Glorious

Triumph.—The Pantomime is emphatically declared again the best.—The Daily Telegraph says:—"The annual pantomime at the Surrey has so grown in proportion and beauty that it has come to be considered one of the best nights of the holiday season." Every Evening at 7, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, written expressly by Frank W. Green. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 2. Children Half-price to all parts, morning performances only.

#### NEW GRECIAN THEATRE,

City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.  
MORNING PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME every Monday and Wednesday. Private Boxes and Stalls for both morning and evening performances, can be booked at the Theatre and all libraries a month in advance. Every evening at 7.15 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry; entitled, HARLEQUIN ROLEY POLEY; OR, EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER, AND THE CHARMED UMBRELLA. Characters by Messrs. Geo. Conquest, Herbert Campbell, H. Nicholls, Geo. Conquest, junr., &c. Misses Maud Stafford, Mabel Verner, M. A. Victor, Denvil, Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Sisters Spiller. Daring Phantom Fight by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Son. Acting Manager, Mr. A. Roques.

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#### NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

BISHOPSGATE.—The Grand New Pantomime, THE ENCHANTED PRINCE; OR, BEAUTY AND THE BEARS. Morning Performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1 o'clock. Children under 10 half-price to all parts. Every Evening at 7.

#### ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Production

of a Grand Christmas Burlesque. Every Evening at 7.30 the New Comedy, FAMILY TIES. Messrs. Wigan, Marius, Cox, Grahame, &c. Mesdames Venne, Foster, Holme. After which (first time), THE LATEST EDITION OF THE RED KOVER. Messrs. Marius, Cox, Mitchell, Carter, &c. Mesdames Sanger, Venne, De Grey, &c., &c.

#### BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening until further notice at 6.45, the Immensely Successful New Christmas Pantomime called ROMINA-GROBIS; OR, THE TAIL OF A CAT. Alaine by Mrs. S. Lane. Miss Pollie Kandall, Mr. Fred Foster. Messrs. Bigwood Lewis, Rhoyds, Hyde, Mdlles. Summers, Kayner, Brewer, Mrs. Newham. Grand Transformation Scene. Ballet and Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with MAN'S TALISMAN. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Wray, Drayton, Reeve, Towers. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Pettifer.

#### ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Every Evening at 8 o'clock, will be presented an entirely new Fairy Musical and Pantomime Extravaganza, in three acts, and fourteen tableaux, entitled "WILDFIRE," by H. B. Farnie and R. Reece, supported by the following talented artists—Misses Pattie Laverne, Lennox Grey, Emma Chambers, A. Newton, L. Robson, &c.; Messrs. Harry Paulton, F. Hall, J. H. Ryley, C. Power, and Henry Nordblom. THREE GRAND BALLETS. Danseuses, Mdlles. Pertoldi, Gillert, Mons. A. Josset and the whole of the Corps de Ballet. Harlequinade by the Row la family; Sprites by the Rosine and Ducrow families. Grand Transformation and Cascades of Real Water.—Musical Director, Mons. G. Jacobi.

#### SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE, WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE-ROAD.

Every Afternoon at 2, and every Evening at 7, the Grand Christmas Double Pantomime, written by W. M. Akhurst, Esq., entitled WHITTINGTON AND HIS WONDERFUL CAT; OR, HARLEQUIN JOHNNY GILPIN AND HIS RIDE TO EDMONTON. The twelve magnificent Scenes executed by those eminent Artists, Messrs. Dayes and Caney. The whole Pantomime emphatically pronounced to be the best ever produced in any London theatre. Success unprecedented; the triumph complete. Those whose intention it is to witness a pantomime for the purpose of enjoying a good hearty laugh, should see this, the funniest of all similar entertainments. The whole production in excellent working order. The comic business terminating with the Siege, Storming, and Fall of Kars by the Juvenile Armies. TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY—every Afternoon at 2, and Evening at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 4. Prices:—Private Boxes from £1 11s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 4s.; Orche tra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes and Pit Stalls, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Doors open Half Hour before each Performance. A fine Managers, Messrs. Sidney Cooper and Charles E. Stewart. Stage Manager, Mr. W. Holland. Secretary, Mr. A. Browning. Proprietors, Messrs. John and George Sanger.

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#### THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The new lion house is now open. Among the latest additions are a herd of fine reindeer, a red wolf from Buenos Ayres, and a family of Gelada monkeys.

#### MASKELYNE AND COOKE,—Sixth Year

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TERTAINMENT. ONCE IN A CENTURY, by Gilbert A'Beckett. After which a "ketch, by Mr. Corney Grant, entitled "A MUSICAL ALMANAC." To conclude with a Fairy Vision called OUR NEW DOLL'S HOUSE. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.

During the Holidays, Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoon, at 3, and Every Evening except Thursday and Saturday at 8. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.



## CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
The Vitality of the Turf .....	418
Circular Notes .....	403
Saturday Night at "The Brit" .....	404
A Counter-Irritant .....	419
Our Defences .....	422
Out in the Snow .....	411
The Calico Ball at the Aquarium .....	403
Mr. Sothorn "Making-Up" .....	408
Mr. Alfred Cellier .....	419
Chess .....	422
Dramatic Notes of the Week .....	406
Musical Notes of the Week .....	403
Hunting Notes .....	411
Notes on the Week's Athletic,	
Aquatics, etc. ....	410
Turfiana .....	410
Stud News .....	411
Coursing .....	411
Weekly Review of New Music .....	412
Reviews of New Books .....	412
Correspondence .....	406
Answers to Correspondents .....	418

\* \* A number of Reviews and several articles in type, are held over, owing to a press of matter, until next week.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1878.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

MR. WILLIAM CORBETT having determined to concentrate his efforts on the further development of his London and Surbiton Estate, has sold the whole of the Westgate on Sea Estate to Mr. Edmund F. Davis, of Great Peter's, the well-known owner of the Granville Estate on the East Cliff at Ramsgate, and the projector of the vast improvements that have been recently carried out there. "Glamis thou art and Cawdor, and shall be"—M.P. hereafter! The fates have sworn it.

WE have received a circular from Mr. Gaston Murray, Temple Club, Arundel-street, dated 12th December, 1877, from which it would appear that the idea of getting up a benefit for Mr. Joseph Robins has been abandoned in favour of simply raising a fund to relieve his distress. Mr. Murray states the case as follows:—"At a meeting of the executive committee, held here this day, it was unanimously resolved, that it would be advisable to abandon the original intention of getting up a benefit for Mr. Joseph Robins, and that the object in view, of obtaining pecuniary aid, would be attended in all probability with far greater success if the appeal for help should be made in the form of a subscription list. As a friend and brother professional of Mr. Robins, I have, at his personal request, as also that of the committee, promised to plead his cause, and I therefore solicit your kind co-operation to enable me, in a measure, to relieve him from his present pecuniary difficulties. The case is a sad one. Mr. Robins has, for the last three years, been confined to his room with dropsy; a large bill for medical attendance remains unpaid; his present and future necessities, with those of his wife, have to be satisfied; and there is no hope of his ever again being able to follow his profession. Donations will be duly acknowledged in the *Era* newspaper."

THE following paragraph, which we cut from *The Country*, a weekly newspaper published in New York, we commend, not to the notice of the thieves who appropriate our engravings and issue them under the title of the *Illustrated Dramatic and Sporting News*, but to the readers of that amazingly piratical journal:—"We have purchased in London, through the eminent publishing house of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, electrotypes of a number of the cuts of dogs used in the new edition of 'Stonehenge's Dogs of the British Islands.' As the portraits are all of dogs which are regarded as typical representatives of their various breeds, their re-publication cannot fail to be of value and interest to our readers. We might have copied them all, it is true, but although more expensive, the course we have followed is more satisfactory."

SINCE the above was in type, we have received a number of *The Country*, which contains Mr. Dower Wilson's drawing, "A Fair Toxophilite," which originally appeared in the *ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS*. It was not purchased of but stolen from us. Our contemporary, *The Country*, began to protest too soon.

TALKING of thieves, we may just as well mention that every illustration but one in the last number of Henry Leslie's nefarious *Illustrated Dramatic and Sporting News* had been filched from our files.

JOHN CHIDDY, a quarryman on the Great Western Railway, lost his life in March, 1876, by an act of heroism as noble as was ever glorified in the chronicles of war. In the act of removing a large stone which had fallen on the metals as the Flying Dutchman was coming along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, he was struck by the buffer of the engine and killed. There is satisfaction in

knowing that she who was dependent upon him for daily bread has not been forgotten. On Tuesday, the widow was publicly presented with a six-roomed cottage, and half an acre of land.

"ONE CALLED TO THE BAR" sends to the *Morning Post* an account of a conversation heard between a master, a mason, and some labourers, which he thinks "aptly illustrates the practical difficulties experienced by employers and the self-injury inflicted on workmen by submission to indiscreet trade union regulations." Whether or not his inference is just, the conversation appears pregnant enough to warrant reproduction.

Conversation between master and men on the top of Temple Bar, on Saturday last, at 11 a.m.

Master: Well, my lads, this is a better day for work; you only made half a day yesterday, in consequence of the rain—what say you to working after twelve to-day?

Labourers: Quite willing, master.

Master (to masons standing by): But what say the masons?

A Mason (not raising his head): Leave off at twelve.

Master: Can it be true that you knock off for the rain a good portion of the week, and to-day, with fine weather, your union will not allow you to work overtime?

(No answer vouchsafed.)

Master: Well, I am very glad I never joined the union.

A Second Mason: I suppose if you had you think you would not have been here now?

Master: Certainly not; and how you, first-class able bodied men, can be willing to put yourselves on an equality with a "muff" I am at a loss to understand; neither do I know how any man is to rise in the world unless he makes extra time and thinks and acts for himself.

(At twelve o'clock the masons went quietly down the ladder, received their pay, and left. The labourers remained, worked cheerfully, and earned an extra half-day's pay.)

ON Monday, Mr. Guildford Onslow and Mr. Quartermain East visited the claimant, who was recently removed from Dartmoor to Portsmouth Convict Prison. The claimant, who looks well, was thankful to hear of the untiring exertions of his supporters to obtain his release, and glad to know "that hopes are entertained of yet producing Arthur Orton." We share those hopes, but despair of seeing them realised for some years to come. On the day of his release from prison there might be a possibility of "producing Arthur Orton."

MR. GEORGE HONEY has consented to act as treasurer of a fund to be devoted to the erection, in Highgate Cemetery, of a memorial to the late Mr. John Thomson. Mr. Joseph Pascoe, the honorary secretary of the undertaking, requests that each subscriber—the subscription is limited to one guinea—will communicate with him at 63, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

AT their first meeting, since the vacation, the Commissioners of Sewers again had under consideration the asphalt pavement in the City. A resolution had been agreed to at a wardmote of Lime-street Ward on St. Thomas's Day to the effect that in the opinion of the ward asphalt pavement was most dangerous both for road and footways, and that the whole of such pavement at present laid down in the City of London ought to be removed forthwith. Deputy Harris, in moving that the resolution be referred to the Street Committee, expressed his opinion that the question of the continuance of asphalt pavements in the City was a very serious one, and that the commissioners were bound to take the subject into consideration in order to remedy the evils which at present existed. Mr. L. Phillips, in seconding the motion, felt so strongly on the subject that he was determined, at his own expense, to test the question by obtaining the opinion of every ward in the City as to the advisability of continuing asphalt paving, and the commissioners would be informed of the result. If the asphalt paving was removed, he was certain that the thorough business sense of the commissioners would discover some satisfactory substitute for asphalt. Mr. Fricker thought asphalt a very useful pavement in narrow streets and by-places. Mr. Jesse Turner said it was all very well for an hon. member (*sic*) to come down to that court and run riot upon the question of asphalt, but it appeared to him that it was merely a waste of time. In many places asphalt was a great boon to the inhabitants. Deputy Harris, in his reply, reminded the court that upon the occasion of the Queen's passing through the City, the Master of the Horse made a communication to the City authorities to the effect that the asphalt paving in Leadenhall-street was unsafe and dangerous for her Majesty to travel over. He considered it was a disgraceful thing to have such a pavement in a city like London, and that it was most dangerous and cruel. In one day he saw twelve horses down in Cheapside, and when they got up they were so nervous and terrified that it was painful to see them. It cannot be denied that this pavement question is a most important one, and calls for thorough investigation. At any rate, it ought to be freed at once from the grave suspicion of jobbery under which it at present suffers. After the experience of the past ten years, both the Commission of Sewers and the Metropolitan Board of Works ought to be able, through their surveyors, to pronounce a tolerably just verdict on the pavements which have been tried in the metropolis during that period. And—in reference to this offending asphalt—can no cheap and expeditious means be devised for keeping the asphalt thoroughly cleansed?

Next week's issue of the *ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS* will contain:—A Portrait of Mdlle. Lynnaberg, of Her Majesty's Opera, as "Siebel"—Scenes from the Pantomimes at the Marylebone and Surrey Theatres—*The Rose and the Ring*, at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and *Sardanapalus* at the Duke's Theatre, by A. H. Wall—"Cleverly done!" by J. Sturges—Portraits of celebrated Greyhounds, "Bluebeard," "Reigning Monarch," "Countryman," and "Master McTurk," by H. Moore—Scenes from famous Plays, *King Lear*—An Affair of Honour—The Theatrical House that Jack Built. No. 7, "The Upholsterer"—Portraits of English Composers, Hamilton Clarke—The New Theatre at Dusseldorf—Sport in the United States—A Jersey Farmer out Rabbit Shooting, by A. B. Frost, &c., &c.

## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

ENGLISH OPERA continues to assert its vitality, and is likely to derive a beneficial impetus from the enterprise of Mr. Mapleson, who—having matured long-meditated plans—is about to give a season of English opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. The season will commence this evening, with a performance of *The Phantom*, an English adaptation by Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, of Flotow's opera, *L'Ombra*. The four principal characters will be impersonated by Mr. Brennan ("Signor Talbo"), Mr. George Fox, Miss Purdy ("Mdlle. Lisa Purdy"), and Mdlle. Bauermeister. The opera will be conducted by Mr. H. Weist Hill, who will have under his direction the splendid band of H.M.'s Opera, including MM. Amor, Doyle, Lasserre, White, Barrett, Dubrucq, Lazarus, Wootton, &c. Mr. Weist Hill, while musical director of the Alexandra Palace, proved himself to be an excellent operatic conductor, and no better appointment could have been made. *L'Ombra* will be repeated on Monday, and probably on Wednesday and Friday next.

*Maritana*, the most popular of Vincent Wallace's operas, will be produced on Tuesday next, and Mr. Mapleson has secured for the chief rôle Madame Rose Hersee, who since the lamented decease of Madame Parepa Rosa, has become—both in America and England—the head of the English operatic profession. The popular prima donna will subsequently appear as Arline in *The Bohemian Girl*;—as the heroine of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, (which will be presented with some startling spectacular effects), and in other characters. During her absence from the end of January till the middle of February, on a short provincial tour, her place will probably be occupied by Madame Cave Ashton, a popular and able member of the Rose Hersee Opera Company. *Maritana* will be strongly cast. The evergreen George Perren will be the Don Caesar, Miss Palmer Lazarrillo, Signor Franceschi (who might as well resume his English name the King, and Mr. F. H. Celli Don Jose, in which character he has long been unrivalled.

The general arrangements deserve special commendation. The operas will commence at 7.30, and conclude before 11. The present low prices of admission will be maintained, ranging from gallery seats at 1s.; and pit seats, 2s.; to stalls, at 7s.; and private boxes from 7s. 6d. to £3 3s. The entire abolition of Fees to attendants is a notable step forward, and the public will appreciate the advantage of being able to leave coats, umbrellas, &c., in the cloak room free of any charge. English Opera has not for a long time been so favourably presented to the public, and it is not only to be hoped, but may reasonably be expected, that Mr. Mapleson's efforts in favour of English art will meet with abundant support.

### THE CALICO BALL AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

BULLS-EYES and sugar-candy no longer charm us; our cheeks are no longer soft and downy, smooth, nor rosy; our eyes have lost their early brilliancy; instead of wildly romping with rollicking noise, we gravely and quietly dance; the jokes we roared at cannot now provoke a smile; leap-frog is no longer our favourite game, and our faith in the natural greatness and goodness of all full-grown humanity is, alas! only a thing that was. In short, since the days of our childhood, most of our characteristics and opinions have suffered a *see change*. And yet, seeing how childish men are in many ways, we cannot reject the old belief, that "Men are but children of a larger growth;" although, on the other hand, the way in which children naturally and artificially mimic their elders is constantly suggesting to us that the child is but a man of smaller growth, so strangely are things mixed in this sublimity sphere. The children's Calico Ball in the Westminster Aquarium was full of suggestiveness in both directions. Little ones, quaintly grave and full of stately dignity, were there, like men and women looked at through the wrong end of a telescope; and little ones whose instincts—uncomfortably repressed by the solemn importance of the occasion—were yet rapturously alive to the fun of the entire thing, and required the least possible encouragement to break out into noise and romping, to caper and dance in an ecstasy of childish levity, instead of taking their places for a ceremonious quadrille; to frisk like lambs and kittens, colts and puppies, instead of pacing the crowded ball-room in good set form, side by side, step for step, with their elders.

The ball from which our artist, Mr. Dower Wilson, procured the dainty little sketches which appear on other pages of this week's number, took place on the 1st ult., and was given by the Fellows of the Royal Aquarium Society to their friends and guests, of whom nearly seven hundred were present, four hundred being children, who were of course the great little heroes and heroines of the grand occasion. Dancing did not commence until nine o'clock, a little too late for the younger children. The effect of the costumes, and the brilliantly lighted and tastefully decorated building was excellent. Our artist gives the following account of his proceedings on the occasion.

"Children's ball at the Aquarium! well then, go down and make some sketches." These were the instructions I received at the office, and so down I went. Carriages were blocking up the roads by the various doors of the Aquarium, and there was every appearance of there being a crush inside. And so there was. Papas and Mamas were conducting their children along in mixed attire, fancy costumes being visible under great coats, jackets, etc., and getting rid of these then they were in their glory, for was there ever a child that didn't enjoy "dressing up?" Having said a few words to Mr. Wybrow Robertson, and the manager's room having been very kindly put at my disposal, to use as a temporary studio, I took a stroll round to select my victims for the sketch. I have first of all, of course, to find out papa and mamma, then ask permission to sketch any little boy or girl whose costume and general appearance I admired, then having obtained that, march off to the studio *protem*. The little boy or girl whom I have chosen for the centre figures of my drawing were perfect pictures, whether they did or did not dance together I cannot say, but at any rate they ought to have done so. The costumes on the whole were very good.

The Sir Roger de Coverly was of course danced, and not muddled. The Aquarium, brilliantly lighted with gas, wreaths of flowers, and coloured lanterns, and full of well-dressed people, was really a very pretty scene, and the marked success of the undertaking, due chiefly to the excellent management of Mr. Wybrow Robertson has since been universally acknowledged. This will probably be the first of a series of similar gatherings.

THE Diploma Galleries of the Royal Academy, containing the works deposited by Members on their election as Academicians, and other works, the property of the Academy (including the Gibson Sculpture), will be open, free, to the public on and after Monday, January 14, from 11 to 4 daily, Sundays excepted.

THE death is announced of Mr. Frederick C. Dewar, the well-known actor, who had been on the London stage for the last eighteen years. He was a member of the present Haymarket company when overtaken by the sudden attack of illness which proved fatal. Mr. Dewar will be best remembered by his clever impersonations of Tom Stylus in Mr. Robertson's comedy of *Society* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and of Captain Cross-tree in Mr. Burnand's burlesque of *Black-eyed Susan* at the Royalty.



## SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE "BRIT."

THE lofty creatures who purchase their theatre tickets in Bond-street several days before the stately ceremony of going to the play, seldom if ever realise the unalloyed happiness which the stage affords to its humbler votaries. To get all that is to be got out of going to the play, it is necessary to live a life of comparative poverty and squalor; hence the most fervent admirers of the drama are to be found in far off Whitechapel and remote Hoxton. Tom and his sweetheart Sally know nothing of the refined subtleties of criticism. They love with a tender and confiding fondness the ill-used but virtuous maiden. They hate with an honest indignation the wicked but designing marquis; and their laughter at the sallies of the low comedian is not saddened by the reflection that his most amusing efforts were conceived in solitude and born in uncertainty. To them the stage of the Britannia Theatre is a vision of delight, and the lady in a blonde wig and blue silk—the lady who wears real white kid gloves, and

opens and shuts her fan, as with head bent sideways over her bare left shoulder, she warbles a melody of love and sadness with the melancholy refrain of "Go and ask my ma"—is a bright creature of another world, as far off from them and their prosaic existence as are the glittering stars of heaven.

If you desire to visit the "Brit" on Saturday night, I invite you to come with me on foot. We will, if you please, assume that we have found our way into a shabby street, situated between the City-road and our destination; and that in answer to a polite enquiry addressed to a small girl carrying a large child, we have learned that the theatre is at the "Hother Hend of that there court." And when we find it, what a wonderfully picturesque spot "that there court" is! Coming out of the darkness of the shabby street into the brilliant light of the long narrow passage, the place has all the novelty and strangeness of a foreign city by night. Here to the right upon a lowly shop board, the convoluted cockle reposes in the shallow bath of vinegar, and the eel, no longer lively, but much cut up, floats

upon an ocean of opaque and parsley-strewn gravy. There to the left, ancient garments flap idly in the almost windless air, laden with perfumes, though not of Araby the blest. It is a Ghetto-like passage, devoted to local commerce. Hither come the fair maidens of the district, to purchase the alluring hat and feather at a half-crown, and the fascinating *bottines* at three and six. Hither come the grimy matrons of neighbouring, though now commercial courts and alleys, to cheapen the broth-producing sheep's head, and to carry off the flaccid cheek of the succulent pig; and, when the good man is not on strike or in liquor—on such rare occasions—to carry home for the Saturday night's supper a wedge of golden-tinted pease pudding, coyly hidden in a bower of cabbage leaf. Here, in the bazaar-like, open-fronted fruit store, her mature charms set off by baskets of amber oranges and piles of brown nuts, the large mother of Israel beams upon the passers-by; many circles of her pleasant countenance contrasting strongly with the Hibernian angles of Molly Maguire, the lady next door, who presides over an emporium for



A GOOD SHOT.

the sale of a few odd tea cups, some pictures by apparently unsuccessful artists, and a mattress that has seen better days.

As, however, our present business is to assist as spectators at a theatrical performance, you will, if you please, quit this most characteristic of passages and come with me into the lobby of a theatre capable of seating nearly four thousand people. Next door to the playhouse, and in direct communication with it, is a grand gin-palace, largely affected by the ever-thirsty patrons of the Hoxton drama. And besides the ample accommodation of the public-house, the boxes, pit, and gallery of the theatre have their special refreshment departments. The gentlemen and ladies from the gallery promenade the stone flags of their drinking vault in unostentatious undress, the gentlemen smoking short pipes and the ladies sucking oranges with praiseworthy energy. The gaiety

of the gallery *habitués* is sustained on ginger-beer; while the department provided for the refreshment of the patrons of the pit is more plentifully supplied with the luxuries of the table, including great piles of ham sandwiches, dishes of cakes, trays of saveloys, besides those temperance drinks which neither cheer nor inebriate. That the trade in ham sandwiches is a flourishing branch of theatrical commerce at Hoxton may be inferred from the fact, that a pile of cut hams stand in rank, like wounded warriors, in uniform of pink and white, behind the bare-armed barman. Between the pit and gallery refreshment rooms, situated on the lower floors of the building, and the more aristocratic saloon on the first floor, intended for the use of the stalls and boxes, there is a wide difference.

The saloon is a somewhat long and comparatively narrow com-

partment, and though not decorated in a style that would satisfy the æsthetic tastes of a Welby Pugin, or a Talbot, possesses an air of barbaric grandeur that recommends it to the approval of its patrons. It is fitted with a substantial bar, methodically arranged. To the extreme left are sold malt liquors; the centre is devoted to the retailing of spirits, and, unless the decoction in the decanters deceived my unpractised eye, "sherry-wine;" while on the right the all-pervading sandwich and the ever-present ginger-beer woo the hunger and thirst of the pleasure takers. It is in the saloon, and amid the curling wreaths of that admirable disinfectant, tobacco, that the *élite* of the audience, both men and ladies, give themselves up to the delights of conversation and cracking nuts. It is not for me to say why these kindly people crack so many nuts; enough that they do so, and that at the



Britannia Theatre the old familiar legend of "Apples, oranges, nuts, ginger-beer, and bill of the play" survives. What shall be said of the goodly company that between the acts throngs the saloon, more than that the females are not fastidious or the males misanthropical? All is gaiety and smiling content! The British grenadier, seeming cleaner by contrast, towers above the rest of the company. There is little, if any, pride about the British grenadier taking his pleasure at Hoxton. The comely young matron in a red plaid shawl and pendant, pale gold ear-rings, nourishing her pallid infant, to the evident satisfaction of her no less pallid artizan-husband, smiles approvingly at the soldier, who with a kindly familiar joke to the husband, permits himself to become the guest of the couple, sharing their bottled porter with an absence of ceremony most becoming in a military man. The young ladies from the artificial flower and envelope manufactories are, it must be confessed, arrayed somewhat too much after the same pattern. The universal fringe of hair across the fore-

head, the gaily-coloured neck-ribbon, and the dark cloth jacket, with two large rabbit-skin or bone buttons sewn on at the small of the back, testify to the sway of the tyrant, fashion. The hands of these young ladies are rosy with the hues of health and exercise, and they laugh, or perhaps it would be more correct to say giggle, and generally display a light-heartedness that duchesses might envy. They evidently have their own familiar jests, which they bandy about from group to group, and that seem to be understood by their cavaliers—gentlemen far more original in their notions of costume than are the ladies whom they love. The gentlemen patrons of the saloon are mostly under middle age, and mostly, if one may judge from their polite attentions to the damsels whom they affect, unmarried. Like the soldier, they are not proud, and you may see a swarthy cavalier, gorgeously attired in the height of Hoxton fashion, and wearing a pale blue necktie, ornamented with what appears to be a jewel of price, sharing the lowly shrimp from the small paper

bag with the woman who has won his heart. The careful father, with careworn face, has brought with him his little pale daughter, who sips at her fond parent's glass, and with the beads of spirit upon her loose lips, looks up into the old man's eyes with love that even incipient intoxication cannot make ridiculous. All around one beholds knuckles of ham and good-fellowship, shrimps and nuts and boisterous good-humour. The maidens giggle, the matron smiles at the soldier, the father artizan drinks steadily, smiling only when the baby crows; the young men talk of the play approvingly, alluding to the hero as "im wot played the bloke in boots," and of the heroine as the "dook's missus;" and while the assembled company have their mouths full of bread and meat and their glasses half-full of liquid, the word goes round that the curtain is "hup," and all hurry to their places.

Seated in a stage-box, at two shillings each person—at the "Brit" the stage-boxes are roomy apartments, fitted up with looking-glasses and tables for refreshments—one looks out upon a vast



"STOP THIEF!"

theatre crammed from floor to ceiling with eager pleasure-seekers. The threepenny gallery rises tier upon tier a mighty confused mass of faces and arms—for many of the gentlemen in the gallery have divested themselves of their coats, and, with rolled-up shirt sleeves sit in comfort as patrons of the drama. The sixpenny box-slips, of which there are eight stalls, or compartments, are on a level with the gallery, and, like the sixpenny pit, are crowded to repletion. The shilling boxes, or dress circle, or balcony stalls, whatever they may be called, are also crowded, but not more so than the shilling orchestra stalls, on which the more wealthy of the audience sit cracking nuts and peeling shrimps. Children under seven years of age are admitted at half price; and the presence of a large number of threehalfpenny infants in the gallery may be attributed to this

privilege. At half-past eight o'clock half price commences, so that two and a half hours' dramatic and musical entertainment may be obtained in the warm and roomy pit of the Britannia Theatre for the small sum of threepence. The entire audience seems to be enjoying itself heartily. During the greater part of the performance there is heard a surging noise of conversation, like the sound of slow, incoming waves, dragging up a shingly beach. This subdued roar rises and falls as the interest of the scene flags or culminates. Sometimes the vast theatre is full of noise; at other times, when something peculiarly thrilling is taking place, there is a hushed silence, during which the dropping of an aitch might be heard. On the whole, the audience is well conducted and appreciative, some persons might think too much so; but actors who cannot perform well unless loudly applauded,

would be sure to do their best at the Britannia Theatre. Neither the plays nor the acting call for detailed criticism. The plays, mostly of the melodramatic sort, are such as the admirable proprietress, Mrs. Sara Lane, herself a careful, self-contained actress, finds by long experience to be suited to the audiences who visit her theatre; and it would obviously be unfair to apply a high standard of criticism to performers who do not invite comparison with better paid and more highly accomplished artists. On the occasion of my visit, the performance commenced with a domestic drama of the Cromwellian period, followed by a miscellaneous entertainment of the Music Hall type, and concluded with a second domestic drama, the scene of which was laid in some primitive part of Northern Europe. In each of the dramas there were several titled characters, suggesting, though



not necessarily proving, that Britannia audiences, like those at West-End theatres, affect aristocracy upon the stage. It would after all be but a cheap sneer to reflect on the manner in which high society is presented at the Britannia. The actors who play the lords and the actresses who play the ladies, no doubt do their best; and if their impersonations have not been studied from the life, it is probably because their salaries do not admit of such artistic luxuries as titled models. There is probably a great disparity of manners between a lord of the year 1685 and one of the pre-ent day; and if the gentleman who performed the German nobleman appeared somewhat lacking in the cast of the *grafs* of the Fatherland, it is not for me to say that his view of the character may not have been the correct one. Dramatic justice was fulfilled in both plays. The rich and powerful characters were very wicked, while the poor, lowly, and oppressed peasantry were virtuous to a fault. When the wealthy tyrants met with their deserved punishment, and the lowly monopolists of virtue were crowned with happiness and success, the threepenny gallery howled with delight, the sixpenny pit shouted approval, and even the shilling stalls left off cracking nuts to join in the universal applause.

Personally, I was most entertained at the miscellaneous interlude. I have already spoken in terms of respectful admiration of the lady in blue silk and real white kid gloves. I feel sure that many and many a young errand boy in the gallery must have lost his heart to that bewitching lady; and those who survived the ravishing charms of her blue silk train, must have fallen victims to her burlesque prince's costume of short, curly flaxen wig, green satin and spangled tunic, and pink silk tights. Thus gorgeously attired she led the chorus of the whole house, as with four thousand throated voice it sang in tune, and out of tune, the familiar airs of the music halls and the pavement. The audience adored her, and she loved the audience in return. She danced for applause in the most pronounced manner, and when, panting with pleasure and fatigue, she danced off at the wing, four thousand voices shouted "Honore!" and she danced on again to afford her admirers renewed delight. Besides this heroine of the hour, the interlude included songs and dances by variety negro entertainers, "celebrated comic singers," and a lady whose claim to approval rested on an assumption of male attire. I could not fail to observe that "the celebrated comic singer" obtained immense applause by his simulation of inebriety. His imitation of intoxication was wonderfully true to nature. Every lurch, every hiccup, every unsteadiness of gait, was taken up and fully appreciated by the crowded assembly. It was in all the evening's entertainment the one touch of nature that made the whole house kin.

When at length the performance was over and the green curtain fell amid the hearty applause of a gratified audience, a great rush was made for the adjoining gin palace and the neighbouring taverns. Happy young husbands and wives, locked arm in arm, went sweetly home to supper; but the more roystering spirits stopped by the way to indulge in the floury baked potato, the costly oyster, the cockle, the winkle, and the mussel, and the soft, succulent trotter, so much affected by the *al fresco* suppertaker of the north-eastern suburb.

D. J. ANDERSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

### MR. G. A. SALA AND MACREADY.

SIR,—In my letter in your impression of the 29th December, defending the memory of Macready from the aspersions of Mr. Sala's attack, and exposing one of the awkward blunders that falsified and condemned it, I entirely exculpated that gentleman from any personal pique in relating his anecdote; and while attributing its absurdity to a lapse of memory as to the correct details, and suggesting that he should enlighten us as to the *Title of the Play* wherein the alleged circumstance occurred, I fancied he would discover a loophole to escape from the dilemma. But as no defence or apology has—to my knowledge—been attempted, I would draw the attention of your readers to a few more glaring inconsistencies which appear in a subsequent article from his pen, under the head of "More Macrediana."

First then, Mr. Sala records "the astounding impression" produced on him, when very young, by Macready's vehement self-assertion, in Rob Roy, when turning upon Frank O-baldistone he exclaims, "Campbell me no Campbells. My foot is on my native heath, and my name's Macgregor!" His criticism on this passage is, "that it was an utterance of pure human passion" "reeled straight off."

In the course of this history of the stage, Mr. Sala says:—"I need scarcely say I never saw Edmund Kean," referring evidently to his age not permitting him to have done so. Now as that celebrated actor's last appearance on the stage was at Covent Garden as Othello on the 25th of March, 1833, and the *last time* Macready played Rob Roy (on the authority of his Biography) was on the 22nd January, 1833, how does it happen that the precocious young critic remembers so vividly the passage Macready "reeled straight off," when he assures us he is not old enough to recollect Kean, who played *two months afterwards*? True it is Rob Roy was revived at Covent Garden during the first season 1838-39 of Macready's lesseeship of that Theatre, and acted on January the 4th, 18th, 25th, and February 1st of the latter year, but on each of these occasions the Scottish Chieftain was represented by John Vandenhoff.

Let us analyze another incident in the "Macrediana."

"When he (Macready) crossed the water," writes Mr. Sala, "and played the distraught king (King Lear) at the Surrey, his self-esteem received a severe rebuff. As he tottered on to the stage, after one of his most successful exits, a voice in the gallery, cried 'O crikey, Bill; 'ere's that Bald Headed Old Beggar agin!'" This tit-bit is supplemented by the information that "from the gallery at the Surrey he met with nothing but ignoble 'chaff.'"

In the storm scene on the heath, in King Lear, act 3 scene 2, Lear calls on the lightning to "sing his white head," and further on, in the same speech, occur the words:—

That have with two pernicious daughters joined  
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this.

True, Kent—referring to the king being exposed to the pitiless storm without any covering, exclaims—

Alack bareheaded,

but this is not bald-headed, and I, in vain, search the text for any line which would justify the old monarch's representative in adopting one of those odd-looking wigs, with a salmon-coloured patch in the centre about the size of a cheese plate that, in the opinion of the theatrical perquier, ought to form the orthodox apex of all old men on the stage. Certain it is, Macready as King Lear, always wore a full, white, flowing wig, and most of the representatives of that character follow his example. Indeed, I do not remember ever having seen a *bald-headed King Lear*, even in a provincial theatre, where the exigencies of the treasury occasionally give rise to strange devices. Had the drunken sailor, on whom Mr. Sala foists "the bald-headed joke," indulged in some facetious reference to "old cauliflower," &c., the

story would have been just as funny, and at least have worn the air of probability.

One more extract from "Macrediana."

After asserting that "Macready was popular among the carpenters and scene-shifters, and used the working people better than he did the ladies and gentlemen of the company (whom he vilified individually)," Mr. Sala favours us with the following interesting *morceau*.

"Tom Heaford, tallest of stage carpenters, has often told me that Macready was, on the whole, liked by the men; and that so far as he himself was personally concerned, he had never found himself, at the commencement of a season, in a theatre where Macready was engaged, without the illustrious stopping him the first time that he met him, *shaking hands with him*, and accosting him with, 'Honest Tom Heaford, I am glad to see you. There is a guinea for you, Thomas.' Not a pound, mark you, but the regular professional fee, one pound one!"

This is about the prettiest bit of twaddle that ever was penned of Macready, and I venture to assert there is no person acquainted with the lofty deportment and habitual reserve of that tragedian, who would credit the anecdote! of his shaking hands with the carpenter of a theatre, even if supported by a testamentary declaration of the Archbishop of Canterbury! It sounds much more like the language of the Brummagem Spanish Count in a Victoria melodrama, when addressing the Bandit disguised as a Peasant and bristling with a small armoury of daggers and horse pistols under his smock frock, "What ho! my honest fellow, ge-ide me across this barren moor, and I will reward thee with a purse of gold-er." Macready would as soon have thought of calling the underling of a theatre "Honest Tom Heaford," as the reader of the anecdote would exclaim to its narrator, "Truthful George Augustus Sala."

If this little tale about the twenty-one shillings and "Honest Tom" is intended as a sly satire upon what is described as "a furtive spirit of Morbid Vanity," the language in which it is conveyed is well expressed by Sheridan Knowles in *Virginius*,

"His artless speech, like crystal, shows the thing  
"T would hide, but only covers."

In Mr. Sala's two short articles of "Macrediana," the following vituperative vocabulary is employed to describe his character:—

Grim and glum.  
Language foul and blasphemous.  
Manners simply ruffianly.  
Speech and demeanour brutal.  
Total indifference to the feelings of others.  
Use of hideous invectives.  
Scurrilous language.  
Billingsgate ditto.  
Furious and most arrogant actor.  
Ungovernable wild beast.  
Consistently brutal and tyrannical bearing.

A tyrant and a bully, &c., &c., &c.

Whilst the term "Illustrious" in satirical mood, is repeated sixteen times, and his christian names, William Charles, no less than nine times in the course of this little history.

As Mr. Sala distinctly disclaims all desire to malign the character he abuses, of course we are bound to acquit him of any personal pique, or ranking fester of an old sore. Still he will excuse me asking him this question, if any writer of "Sala's Memoirs," in an article of equal length with his own, were to describe him as the "Illustrious Stage Historian" *sixteen times over*, and abuse him as "George Augustus Sala" *nine times over*, whether he would not entertain just the ghost of a suspicion there was a "something" behind the scenes more than met the eye? Now if he can take the book in his right hand, and make a shilling affidavit to the contrary, I can only offer him the humblest apology for having drawn the curtain, and exposed his blunders; although I should never be able to get away from the idea that, having upset the inkstand and mislaid his pen, he had substituted a goosequill, and dipped it in the Chili Vinegar cruet, for there is a *peppery sourness* about his "Macrediana" that savours of gangrene, and suggests "Sala-iana of Macready" as a more fitting title to his article than the one he has adopted.

Seriously speaking, it is to be deplored that a writer of Mr. Sala's acknowledged ability and reputation, should think it worth his while to lend the authority of his name to a bundle of fiction, for the sake of "spicing" the ephemera of a newspaper, the more so, when that fiction is directed against one who, alas! has no longer the power of defence. Happily the character and private worth of this Mighty Actor and True Gentleman, whose memory has incited these lines, are too deeply enshrined in the hearts of those who survive him, to suffer detraction from the pen of any dramatic historian, however widespread his fame, or however ill-intentioned his motive.

Apologizing for this lengthened intrusion on your valuable space.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,  
24, Bedford-square, London.

W. C. DAY.

### THE LATE MR. JOHN THOMSON.

DEAR SIR,—The admirably life-like portrait given in your last number of our late friend, poor Thomson, while recalling the kindly features of a cherished companion of my early career, reminds me I have treasured—since his youth, and against the days of that universal fame, which those who enjoyed his intimacy fifteen years ago have never ceased to anticipate for him—certain simple and graceful verses he would occasionally write, as the impulse moved him, and then, in his own peculiar fashion, would lay them before his friend without a word of explanation; original leaflets, often left to flutter to the winds, or where they listed.

In the slight sketches of our valued friend, by loving hands, which have appeared in various papers, the brief notices in all instances allude to the versatile character of his acquirements, with a natural tone of regret that his life was too short, and the calls on his time too various, to give him admittedly great powers an opportunity of producing any lasting work which should be a fitting memorial of the gifts that were in him.

In his youth the promise of literary excellence—which we hoped his future might see developed still farther—would, in spite of singularly uncongenial surroundings, burst forth without any visible provocation, and under untoward circumstances.

The little unpublished leaflet, "Spring," which I have the pleasure of offering you and his friends, as a memento of his early verses, was written before he reached his twentieth year; and while the lines breathe the spirit of artless pastoral, they were written in the midst of surroundings which suggested the reverse of sylvan inspirations; unless an association with Total Losses, Bottomry Bonds, General and Particular Averages, Time "Doctoring," and the picturesque accessories of Marine Insurance, can be considered sympathetic training for a highly sensitive and poetic organisation.

It was during his short experience of the amenities of an Insurance and Ship-broking firm, and in the bustle and worry of Lloyd's Subscription Rooms on the Exchange—in an atmosphere which, while highly respectable in itself, was too highly superheated by excess of fuel, struggling humanity, and "policies," the combination aggravated by an insufficient supply of oxygen—that the gentle Muse of poor Thomson put forth pure little flowerets like "Spring"—early buds, in most cases, I am afraid, doomed to perish unseen, or to be crushed by the impetuous commercial

heel before their unobtrusive sweetness had been discovered. Here is one, rescued after many years.—Believe me, very faithfully yours,

JOSEPH GREGO.

23, Granville-square, W.C., London, 5th January, 1878.

## SPRING.

(BY THE LATE JOHN THOMSON).

In leafy woodlands birds are singing,  
Throstles calling through the dell;  
In open fields fresh flowers are springing,  
Violets bloom on hill and fell.

In shady woods, and sunless places,  
Orchard, forest, field, and plain,  
Cowslips show their modest faces,  
March leaves sing through April's rain.

In the spring the earth rejoices;  
All the tuneful feathered throng,  
With one instinct, lift their voices—  
Burst with rapture into song.

'Tis the time of joy and gladness,  
'Tis the crescent of the year;  
Winter's past with gloom and sadness,  
Snow and sorrow, frost and fear.

1863.

## THE DRAMA.

IN the third week of the holidays, with the pantomimes and Christmas novelties in full career of prosperity, but few changes, and those of a minor description, can be looked for in the theatrical world.

At the Olympic Miss Julia Vokins has joined the already strongly augmented Company Mr. Neville had collected for the revival of Mr. Burnand's *Turn of the Tide*, and now plays the part of Lady Lorrimer. The piece, admirably put upon the stage, and most effectively interpreted, has proved highly successful and is well worth seeing at the Olympic.—Mr. Henry Neville is in great force as the hero Philip Earncliffe. Miss Sophia Young, after a prolonged absence from the stage, resumes her original character Lady Clara (Earncliffe's wife) with all her dramatic force and intelligence.—Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Charles Harcourt render efficient aid as the artist Edgar Greville and the amiable and self-sacrificing Doctor Mortimer.—Mr. G. W. Anson, and Mrs. John Wood as the bickering couple Mr. and Mrs. Danby, elicit constant hilarity by their genuine comedy delineations—and other characters are sustained with appropriate excellence by Miss Florence Terry, Miss Gerard, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Madame Hébert and Messrs. Pateman, Yarnold, &c.

The representations of the old fashioned pantomime, *Valentine and Orson*, are now limited to the matinées on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, and afford infinite amusement to crowded audiences on those afternoons, while *The Grasshopper* and *Little Doctor Faust* prove equally attractive in the evenings.

At the Adelphi the children's pantomime, *Robin Hood and His Merry Little Men*, performed every afternoon, is even a greater success than the charming children's pantomime of last year, and the Adelphi is crowded on each representation. The pantomime is supported by nearly the same company of juveniles as last year. The leading parts of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, are tastefully and pleasantly represented by Master Grattan and his sister. Kate Seymour is bright and dapper as Little John, while in the harlequinade, which is carried on with briskness and drollery, Miss Gilchrist and Miss Bella Howard are lively harlequins. Misses Coote and Taylor dance gracefully as columbines. Bertie Coote and Alfred West again make excellent clowns, and are well seconded by Masters Meadows and Wilson as Pantaloons. The infant Cerito again displays her precocious terpsichorean grace and skill. Miss Kate Abraham introduces a jockey dance, and other dances and songs by the young artistes enhance the other attractions of this very charming and suitable Christmas entertainment for children. During the last week a new national song, entitled "Here stands a post," written by Mr. Clement Scott, and composed by Mr. W. C. Levey, was introduced in one of the scenes, and rendered with great spirit by Miss Nott, as Britannia, was enthusiastically cheered.

This song has also been introduced into the pantomime at Drury Lane, where it is sung by Miss Russell, and creates equal enthusiasm.

Mr. W. G. Wills's beautiful play, *Charles I.*, was revived at the morning performance at the Lyceum last Saturday, and drew an exceedingly crowded audience to see Mr. Irving once more in his great impersonation of the ill-fated monarch. Miss Isabella Bateman and Miss G. Paunceford also sustained their original characters of the Queen Henrietta Maria and Lady Eleanor Davys. The remainder of the cast, though almost entirely new, was in every way efficient, and the revival was so enthusiastically received that it is to be repeated this afternoon, and will be represented on the evenings of Monday and Thursday next week.

At the Globe Matinée last Saturday, Mr. Toole appeared in three of his favourite impersonations. Simmons, in *The Spitalfields Weaver*, Spriggins in *Ici on Parle Français*, and as Jacques Strap in *Robert Macaire*. In the two latter pieces he was ably seconded by Mr. Charles Collette, as Victor Dubois, the impulsive french lover of Angelina in *Ici on parle Français*, and as Robert Macaire in the last named piece. In both Mr. Collette fairly divided the applause with Mr. Toole. During the week at the evening performances, Mr. Toole has appeared as Caleb Plummer in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *Trying a Magistrate*, and as Spriggins in *Ici on Parle Français*. Next week he will appear in the principal character in Mr. Byron's new comic drama, *A Fool and His Money*.

Last night the exquisite ballet pantomime, *Rose and Marie*, performed with so much grace and skill by the army of trained children of the Academy of Dancing, was represented for the last time in the evening, as Mr. Mapleson's English Opera Season commences to-night, with the production, for the first time in this country, of Flotow's three-act opera, *The Phantom*, (L'Ombra). For the future, the ballet pantomime, *Rose and Marie*, will be represented only on the afternoons of Wednesdays and Saturdays.

In addition to the usual day representations of the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Gaiety, Adelphi, Her Majesty's, Aquarium, Sanger's, Surrey, Standard, Hengler's, &c., morning performances will be given at numerous other theatres to-day, including *Engaged*, at the Haymarket; *Charles I.*, with Mr. H. Irving, at the Lyceum; *Artful Cards*, with Mr. Toole, at the Globe; *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville; Mr. Burnand's new burlesque, *The Red Rover*, at the Strand; *Fatherland*, at the Queen's; *The Sorcerer*, and Mr. George Grossmith's drawing-room musical sketch, *A Christmas Pantomime*, at the Opera Comique; and *The School for Scandal*, with Miss Ada Cavendish as Lady Teazle, at the St. James's.

The events announced for to-night are: the production at Her Majesty's Theatre of Flotow's opera, "The Phantom" (L'Ombra), the English libretto by Gilbert à-Beckett; the production of Messrs. Seville and Bolton Rowe's adaptation of M. Sardou's comedy *Dora*, under the finally adopted title of *Diplomacy*, at the Prince of Wales's; and the revival at the St. James's of *The Lady of*



Lyons, with Miss Ada Cavendish as Pauline and Mr. Henry Forrester as Clude Melnotte.

At the Lyceum, *Charles I.* and *The Bells*, with Mr. H. Irving in his original characters, will be alternately represented with *The Lyons Mail* at the evening performances next week in the following order:—*Charles I.* on Monday and Thursday, *The Lyons Mail* on Tuesday and Friday, and *The Bells* on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

Mr. Byron's new comic drama, *A Fool and His Money*, in which Mr. Toole will sustain the principal character, is announced for Tuesday evening next at the Globe, where an afternoon performance will take place on Wednesday, of *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Miss Florence Sedley will essay the part of *Juliet*, and Mr. Charles Warner sustain the part of *Romeo*.

On Saturday next, the 12th inst., Miss Ada Cavendish will appear as Rosaline in *As You Like It*, at the St. James's.

#### QUEEN'S THEATRE.

In the English version of M. Victorien Sardou's powerful and tragical melodrama, *Patrie*, produced at the Queen's Theatre on Thursday last week under the title of *Fatherland*, the adaptor has—with the exception of much judicious compression of the dialogue, and, in deference to English tastes, toning down to some little extent the utterly repellent nature of the fiery and passionate heroine, Dolores, the Spanish wife of the Flemish noble, Count Rysoor—followed the vigorous and exciting story, and numerous skillfully contrived and highly dramatic incidents of the first four acts of the original play in all important points, but has completely altered the dénouement in the concluding act. In *Patrie*, retributive justice is dealt to the guilty wife, who is slain by her lover, to save whom from the vengeance of her husband, she had treacherously denounced the latter's complicity in the revolt against the Spanish rule, under the relentless Viceroy, the Duke of Alva. In *Fatherland*, for this tragic catastrophe is substituted a weak and unsatisfactory dénouement, which altogether destroys the symmetry and dramatic intensity of the play. Both Count Rysoor and the wife's lover are sent to execution. The guilty Countess is allowed to live and repent of her crimes in the seclusion of a convent and the curtain falls as Donna Inez (the Duke of Alva's idolised daughter) falls dead on hearing the death-knell of the prisoners for whose pardon she had just been pleading. Although oppressively gloomy and sad throughout, *Fatherland* possesses many elements of success. The story is exciting, it abounds in highly dramatic incidents and situations, especially the scene in the second act, where Count Rysoor taxes his wife with her infidelity, and she boldly avows it, but will not reveal the name of her lover; again, in the third act, where the Countess, while hoping to save her lover from her husband's vengeance, treacherously reveals to the Viceroy the details of the revolt in which her husband is leader; and, to her horror, discovers that she has at the same time betrayed her lover, who unknown to her was one of the conspirators. And in the Town Hall, in the fourth act, another very dramatic scene occurs, where Count Rysoor recognises, by the wound in his hand, his cherished friend and fellow conspirator, Karloo Van der Noot, captain of the Civic Guards, as his wife's seducer, but foregoes his vengeance until the patriotic struggle in which they are both engaged has been carried out. Everything, too, has been done by the management for the play. The massive and built up representations of fine old Flemish interiors and other scenes are all most artistic and excellent. The dresses, &c., are picturesque, quaintly varied, and historically correct, and the interpretation of the different leading characters without exhibiting special greatness, is uniformly even, carefully studied, and produces a thoroughly satisfactory ensemble. Mr. Arthur Stirling, though a little too sombre in tone, acted impressively as Count Rysoor, and rose in force in the two principal scenes—first with his wife, and subsequently with her lover. The Duke of Alva, who does not appear until the third act, was represented with artistic skill and picturesque effect by Mr. Hermann Vezin. Mr. E. H. Brooke was spirited and chivalrous as the delinquent, Karloo; Mr. Billington as the English nobleman, Lord Wharton, a prisoner of war, has but little to do in the piece, but still he makes the most of it. Mr. Shiel Barry was excellent in the small part of Jonas, the poor bell-ringer. Miss Henrietta Hodson, charming artist as she is in comedy or domestic drama, has scarcely force enough for such a hard and unsympathetic character as the Countess Dolores, but her impersonation was careful and replete with intelligence. She enacted the great scene in the third act with considerable power, culminating in her horror at having unwittingly implicated her lover in the conspiracy; and Donna Inez, the consumptive daughter of the viceroy, was represented with becoming sweetness and gentle tenderness by Miss Maude Milton.

#### HENGLER'S.

Mr. Charles Hengler has again provided another most graceful and cleverly arranged Fairy Spectacle for his juvenile visitors this Christmas, under the title of *The Fairy's Garden Party in Honour of Red Riding Hood*. After the first part of the usual equestrian and circus performances, the Arena is speedily transformed into a most beautiful Fairy Garden—with grass plots of the richest green—parterres luxuriant with flowers of the brightest hues, and further, are well embellished with statues, vases, &c. The whole of the numerous performers who take part in the pantomime, are children who show that they have been admirably trained, by the precision with which they execute the several incidental musical pieces and dances, and the grace and cleverness with which they impersonate the different personages represented. First enters a group of daintily attired juvenile gardeners, who, while trimming the various flowers, sing with good effect a pleasing chorus, "Beautiful Flowers," composed by M. Riviere, somewhat in the style of the famous "Beautiful Spring," in *Babil and Bijou*, at Covent Garden, a few years ago. Then approaches, accompanied by her attendants, May Flower, Sunbeam, Beeswing, and Primrose, the Fairy Goodheart, who awakens her protégé, Little Red Riding Hood, from her cot in the centre Flower Bed, and explains to her pantomimically, that she is to be the hostess of the Garden Party, and duly receive her guests. Then assemble one after another, the heroes and heroines of old nursery rhymes, Little Bo Peep, Jack and Jill, Jack Horner with his pie, Tom Thumb, Jack Spratt, Little Miss Muffet, Dame Trot and her wonderful cat, &c. These are received with charming grace by Little Red Riding Hood (Miss E. Hill), who joins with them in a grand polka mazurka; after which, other guests arrive, consisting of distinguished historical personages and national representatives, including Marshal MacMahon, the Emperor of Germany, Bismarck, Napoleon I., Gainsborough's Beautiful Duchess, the Sultan John Bull, Rob Roy, America, Hibernia, Scotland, Spain, &c. Having paid their respects to the gracious hostess, these important guests join in a variety of national or characteristic dance, executed with singular precision and elegance for such youthful performers; the most successful of which is a Spanish fandango by La Petite Blanche, a graceful little blonde of some six or seven summers. "The Highland Fling," an Irish jig, and a national hornpipe by eight little sailors. The whole of the children then perform a grand reel, after which there is an imposing tableau and procession, led by a triumphal car bearing Britannia standing on a gigantic globe, and the chorus sing a new patriotic song, terminating with "Rule Britannia." *The Garden Party* at Hengler's is certainly the prettiest entertainment for children among this season's Christmas novelties.

#### EGYPTIAN HALL.

Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke have just introduced a new feature into their already abundantly attractive entertainment, in the shape of an illusory sketch, entitled *Elixir Vitæ*. The little sketch is very amusing, and serves as a comic framework for the reintroduction of Mr. Maskelyne's clever illusory trick of "decapitation," which is now performed in such an improved manner and with such neatness and easy dexterity, as not only to divest the operation of any unpleasantness to the spectators, but renders it most amusing to them. Mr. Cook represents a farmer, who suffering chronically from some head disease for which he can find no relief—comes to London to consult Dr. Bolus, a quack, who advertises his "Elixir Vitæ" as a universal panacea for every disease. After some preliminary questions as to symptoms, &c., Dr. Bolus informs his patient there is but one remedy, and that is, he must take off his head to examine the interior previous to applying the famous "Elixir Vitæ." To this process the farmer at first most determinedly objects; but the doctor gives him ocular demonstration of the marvellous efficacy of the elixir, by applying it to a skeleton, which immediately becomes animated, and performs a series of grotesque movements. The patient relents, and consents to undergo the much-dreaded operation. He is seated in an arm-chair, a helmet, with the visor open, is placed on his head, and Dr. Bolus, with a knife of formidable dimensions, performs the operation in the most dexterous manner, placing the severed head, still in the helmet, on an adjacent table, while the apparently headless trunk remains in the chair. Dr. Bolus having rifled the pockets of his victim, and removed the helmet from the head, which still moves and speaks, takes his departure, and the curtain descends on the little sketch. Neatly and cleverly as the trick is now performed, the illusion would be more perfect and complete if Mr. Maskelyne were to apply the elixir to the severed head and restore it to the trunk, which we believe he could easily do by reversing the first process. The other parts of the entertainment still include Mr. Maskelyne's clever plate and top spinning, the twin automata, "Psycho" and "Zoe," and the clever expositions of the so-called "Spiritual Manifestations," and have lost none of their attractions, to judge by the interest they excited and the applause they elicited from the very crowded audience that attended when we visited the "Hall of Mystery," on Tuesday last.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.—On Tuesday evening, 8th inst., the Camden Choral Society gave a concert at Camden Lecture Hall, Kentish Town-road, when "Ye Merrie Men of Sherwood Forest," a cantata, by W. H. Birch, of Reading, was performed. The principal parts were undertaken by Miss Louisa Irving, who looked a pretty Maid Marian, and sang as well as she looked; Mr. Mortimer Hill, as Robin Hood, showed a fine tenor voice to advantage; Mr. J. Hutchinson did well in the part of Will Scarlet; as did Mr. Bedford, as the Sheriff; Mr. Gordon Gooch, with his fine bass voice, was capital in the combined parts of Friar Tuck and Little John. The chorus was well rendered by an efficient choir. We must not omit our meed of praise to Mr. Walter J. Markley, for his excellent accompaniment on the American organ. In the "Wedding March," he kept excellent time with Mr. Matheson (pianist). In the second part the choir gave, "Sweet and low" (Barnby), and "Oh, hush thee, my babe" (Sullivan), but did not pay sufficient attention to marks of expression, which is always desirable. Miss L. Irving sang "Thady O'Flinn," in a characteristic manner, and was well received. Mr. Hutchinson sang the "Village Blacksmith," and gave as an encore, "Nancy Lee," both executed in good style; but the gem of the evening was the rendering of the "Death of Nelson," by Mr. Mortimer Hill, a pupil of Mr. Wallace Wells, who conducted. Mr. Hill gave in response to repeated plaudits, "Tom Bowling." The proceedings closed with the "National Anthem." Mr. Wells deserves great credit for the whole affair. The audience was both numerous and appreciative.—*Fatherland*, an excellent adaptation of Sardou's *Patrie*, was returned to its author by a London manager, after being in his possession more than twelve months, just before the appearance of another adaptation of the same play at the Queen's. Mr. W. G. Wills did a version of the same play, which was some time since performed in Edinburgh, by Mlle. Beatrice's company. Another adaptation was produced at "The Brit," and, according to the *Hornet*, a third version was prepared for Mrs. Rousby, by Mr. Coghlan.—Mr. Harcourt has been engaged for the Haymarket, where Miss Neilson will appear on the second of next month. Mr. John Clarke will join the Court company.—An adaptation of *Une Cause Célèbre*, by Mr. J. C. Burnand, is to be produced at the Adelphi.—A new comic opera, by R. J. Blyth, is in preparation for the Folly.—The booking in advance for seats to witness the Drury Lane pantomime extended to the third week in January.—Miss Daly is engaged for the Court Theatre.—The Duke of Connaught honoured the Gaiety Theatre with a visit on Monday evening to witness *The Grasshopper* and *Little Doctor Faust*.—Miss Helen Faucit (Mrs. Martin) has been the guest of the Queen at Windsor.—At the Gaiety Theatre a pantomime is to be played entirely by amateurs, on February 13th, for the benefit of the General Theatrical Fund, on which occasion Mr. W. S. Gilbert will be harlequin. Already a large number of seats have been secured, and the demand for them is increasing daily.—Mr. and Mrs. Harold Power have returned from America.—Messrs. A. and S. Gatty have secured Covent Garden, and rumour says, Mr. J. Cave, for concert and pantomime, and a term of years.—On the 29th ult., after the performance of the successful pantomime, Madame St. Claire entertained the whole of her company at supper.—Messrs. Moore and Burgess are back in their old quarters, which have been redecorated in the interval of their absence.—The Vaudeville Club gave their 55th amateur performance at the Lecture Hall, Walworth, on Wednesday. The programme included *Black Sheep*, with Messrs. Severn, Cook, Follett, Read, Audley, and Leighton, Misses Browne, Moore, Walters, and Reynolds, in the chief parts; and the farce, *On and Off*.—M. Herve has nearly completed the music of an English comic opera, in one act, for five vocalists, without chorus.—The Duke of Connaught and suite visited the Opera Comique on Wednesday evening to witness *The Sorcerer*.—The Troubadours, a musical society of distinguished amateurs, gave their opening *après midi* of the season, on Saturday the 12th inst.—It is stated that a motion will be made during the coming session to obtain a resolution of the House of Commons in favour of the establishment of a national theatre, on the principle of the Theatre Francais and the Odeon in Paris, and the State Theatre in Berlin. His serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, accompanied by General Sir Charles Ellice, Adjutant-General of the Forces, and Colonel Stuart, commanding the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, witnessed the representation of *Plevna* at the Canterbury on the 29th ult.

PROVINCIAL.—Mr. F. Clay left Liverpool by the Scythia on Saturday, for New York, where he proposes to pay a visit of some length with the view of producing his musical works in the United States.—Mr. Jerny Shee will read Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and "The Boots at the Holly-tree Inn," at the Royal Pavilion,

Brighton, on Wednesday evening, January 16th.—Nearly all the provincial pantomimes continue in a flourishing condition.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company at Liverpool have been drawing great houses at the Amphitheatre.—The Exhibition Palace at Dublin is now open with a series of concerts, in which Madame Rosa Hersee and Mr. Wilfrid Morgan, have been singing with great success.—On Tuesday night, during the pantomime performance at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, a slight panic was caused by the fall of about six feet of plaster over the stage. Some foolish persons raised a cry of "Fire," and some of the audience rushed to the door, but the audience were soon quieted without any injury occurring.—A sporting Manchester contemporary, says, at the Gaiety, Peter-street, a "Miss Rose Garibaldi, serio-comic and dancer," is announced! The daybill adds: "N.B.—This Lady is the Niece of General Garibaldi (!!!)"—From the same authority we learn that there was an alarm of fire at the Prince's Theatre, on Saturday, during the afternoon performance of the pantomime. A portion of the scenery was observed to be in a blaze, and some commotion occurred amongst the audience in consequence. One of the actors—Mr. John Wainwright—with commendable presence of mind, advanced to the footlights and begged the audience to keep their seats, as there was not the slightest danger. This had the effect of tranquillising the spectators, and as the fire, which never attained dimensions sufficient to cause apprehension, was promptly extinguished, the performance proceeded as usual. We may here observe that the public would do well to understand that the danger of fire in well-ordered theatres such as the Prince's is in a great measure illusory. We know from personal inspection that means exist for promptly and effectually extinguishing any conflagration that might arise. There is far more danger to be apprehended from a stampede on the part of an audience, and whenever a cry of "fire!" is raised, the visitor will best consult his own safety by retaining his seat, and allowing his further proceedings to be the result of a cool judgment. We are glad to observe that the public are coming round to this view, and on two or three occasions with in the past twelve months we have seen a commendable exhibition of composure and self-control on the part of at least the more cultivated portions of the audience when an alarm has been raised.

FOREIGN.—We extract the following paragraph, relative to the amounts received for their professional services by various prime donne, from a German paper:—"The celebrated impresario Luigi Riccaboni, who, in 1716, went to Paris at the direct invitation of the Regent, paid his first stars, the Flaminia, Sylvia, and Violetta, twenty sous per diem each. Of course they participated in the receipts besides, and as the first representation, which took place on the 18th of May, 1716, resulted in a yield of 4,068 livres, they certainly obtained a tolerably good income. Napoleon I., who personally, was not fond of music, was nevertheless exceedingly liberal to singers. Cattalini sang twice before him at St. Cloud. He sent her 5,000 francs for these performances, conferred upon her a pension for life of 12,000 francs per annum, and placed the Opera House at her disposal for two concerts, the net profits of which were 50,000 francs. The *diva* was not, however, quite satisfied with this. After Napoleon had heard her in St. Cloud, he called upon her in her dressing-room, and asked "Where are you going to, madam?" "To London, sire." "Remain in Paris, and you shall have 100,000 francs and two months leave of absence." The lady bowed quietly and—went to London, where she had engagements. She was there engaged for the season at 250,000 francs, and her leave of absence gave her as much, and she was paid 5,000 francs to sing "God Save the King," at *soirées*. Blais, a relatively obscure prima donna, was engaged at the Parisian Opera in 1827, with an annual salary of 36,000 francs for life. She died young. Gloslop had a similar contract with the Paris Opera, viz., 25,000 francs per annum. During a period of three years she only sang once, and thus, one evening, earned 75,000 francs, perhaps the highest sum which a single performance ever yielded to a singer. The largest receipt that Mdle. Sontag ever took was in London, where, on the occasion of her benefit, £2,000 was handed over to her, in Paris she received 36,000 francs for the season, and a benefit night. Malibran had, in Paris, a salary of 75,000 francs, a benefit night, and a leave of absence, during which she earned as much as her salary amounted to. In 1823 she was engaged at Drury Lane for forty representations, for which she received £3,200, and two benefits, with a guaranteed receipt of £2,400, or altogether £5,600 for ten weeks. Shortly before her death she signed an agreement for 600,000 francs, which is more than Patti ever received.—*Mayfair*.—Schumann's *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, a charming work, which is almost unknown in this country, has been performed by the Société de Musique at Brussels, under the direction of M. Henri Warnots.—The latest novelty in protection against fire in theatres was shown at one of the Brooklyn theatres (U.S.A.) recently. It is nothing more nor less than an iron funnel, eight feet in diameter and about twenty feet high, which surmounts the dome of the stage. The ceiling above the stage and the inside of the proscenium is lined with heavy sheet iron, so that a fire on the stage can be confined to that part of the house. It is claimed that when the valve which closes the funnel is opened a fire could occur on the stage and the flames and smoke would go up through the funnel, while the audience sat safely by and witnessed the conflagration free from all harm.—M. Lecocq, composer of the *Fille de Madame Angot*, has engaged with M. Koning to work only for the Renaissance Theatre until 1880, after terminating the piece he is to furnish to the Variétés this winter.—Madame Marie Roze will make her first appearance at New York on Monday next, as Leonora, in *La Favorita*.—The new play at the Palais Royal, *Le Phoque*, by Hennequin, has been a "frost."—The new drama, in four acts, by M. Gondinet, founded upon M. Victor Merlot's story, and called after it *La Belle Madame Donis*, retains its hold at the Gymnase.—Signor Salvini has re-appeared in Paris at the Salle Ventadour, as Conrad, in *La Mort Civile*.—The Comic Opera, at Vienna, is again closed, and the Carl Theatre will be re-opened by Herr Jewele.—At the Cannobiana, Milan, *I tre Dominos Rosa*, another version of M. Hennequin's famous piece, has been highly successful. A two-act comedy, by Signor Cima, called *El Panattonin*, has been very successful at the Teatro Milanese.—At the Teatro Espanol, *El Jornalero*, a two-act comedy in verse, by Senor Alvarez, has been produced with a musical trifle called *El Sor y la Lechusa*, by Senor Fernandez, with music by Senor Barbieri.—*The Three Guardsmen* has been revived in New York, at Niblo's.—A new actress has appeared at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia—Elizabeth von Steinitz, of whom report speaks well.—Ida Savory retires from the New York stage after fulfilling her present engagement.—*Won at Last* has become a success in New York.—Mrs. Agnes Booth replaces Miss Katherine Rogers as leading lady at the Union Square Theatre, New York.—*The Duke's Motto* will shortly be produced at Niblo's Gardens, with new scenery and a good cast.—Mr. Tadpole sums up his life experience, in the language of stage attractions as follows:—*Baby, Our Boys, School, Wild Oats, Man-of-the-World, Popping the Question, Marriage, My Mother-in-Law, and Divorce*.—Madame the Countess Bozenta (Mojeska), first tragedienne of the Warsaw Imperial Theatre, appeared as Adrienne, in Scibe's tragic play, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, on Saturday evening, December 22nd at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.—Alexander Dumas has finished his long-expected dramatic version of his late father's *Joseph Balsamo*, and it has been cast for rehearsal.



## MR. SOTHERN "MAKING UP."

MR. SOTHERN standing as Lord Dundready, by his looking-glass, in the dressing-room of the Park Theatre, presents an interesting study, which ought to be witnessed by every rising actor in America. No actor living takes greater pains with his make-up than Mr. Sothern. It is so skilfully contrived that even close at hand inspection fails to detect the manner in which it is managed. First of all, his Lordship never uses white powder or paint, but pale gray, which he spreads all over his face with a hare's foot. Then comes the rouge, as carefully rubbed on to the cheeks as if a microscope were to be applied to it. Next, the

moustachio and eyebrows are tinted with a preparation of brown soap and burnt cork. Lastly, my Lord Dundready paints, with wonderful precision, on each cheek, a pair of whiskers, over which he adjusts a pair of hair whiskers, which mingle with the paint in such a manner that the hair appears to grow on the cheeks. The wig is also admirably and neatly put on the head, and its jointure with the rest of the face and head so closely disguised, that no one can detect it. A more thorough disguise can scarcely be imagined. Whilst witnessing Mr. Sothern's process of making up, we enjoyed a chat, in which Lord Dundready told us some interesting facts. In the first place, he entirely knocked on the head all the absurd stories spread relative to the

free and easy manners of the Prince of Wales at theatres. "It is utterly untrue," said he, "that the Prince ever goes into the green-room of any theatre. He sometimes comes and chats in a prominent artist's dressing-room. He is devoted to the Princess, one of the most lovely and fascinating women in Europe. His Royal Highness is enormously popular in England, and very deservedly so. He is a patron of art and learning, and always kind and considerate." "When do you return to England?" "Late in April. I open in London in May, as the Crushed, which I think will be a success. I believe it will suit the English, who are very fond of humour of the class contained in this play." "Your business has been good here?" "Excellent, when you



THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No. 6. OLD UTILITY.

"A friend of Old Pickle's utility lead,  
Who acted front legs of a fiery steed."

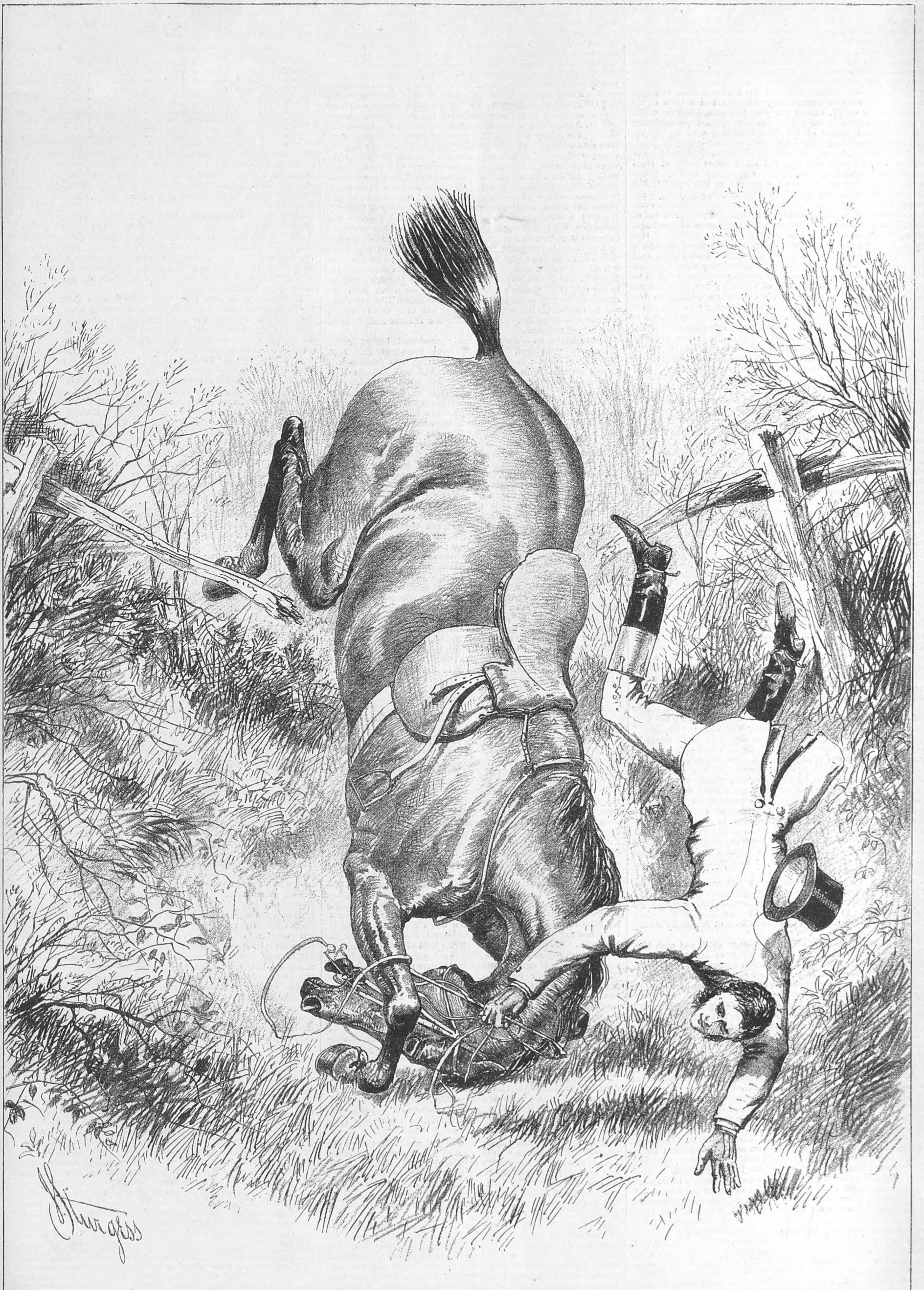
consider the times, which are decidedly bad." Enter call boy. "Lord Dundready is wanted." "Good bye; must go, old boy. Birds of a feather wag their tails in a corner," etc. In a moment after, a roar of laughter rang through the house. His Lordship was on the stage.—*The Spirit of the Times*.

A LONDON Ballet Girl, addressing the editor of the *Era*, writes:—"It is not generally known that we have to practise for four or six weeks, for which in London we get not a single penny piece.

I ask why should not we be paid for that time as well as when the night duties commence? We often get promises from the manager that he will give us half-pay for rehearsals, but when these rehearsals commence he shuffles out of it with some lame excuse. Surely the rehearsal time is the time we want money most to obtain food and other necessities. As soon as the rehearsals are complete we have, a night or two before the production of a ballet, to go to the hall or theatre at twelve o'clock at night and rehearse until five or six o'clock the next morning.

Now, why is this necessary? Could it not be done as well in day-time? It is all very well for the principals, who have their friends to treat them to what they like, but not for the ballet. There are more girls annually that I know who have been brought to shame and trouble through midnight rehearsals than through any other cause. The Press generally is ever ready to crush us poor wretches. No one has a good word for us, because the world does not know one-half our trials and troubles, or they would have pity instead of disgust."





"I THOUGHT HE WOULDN'T AND HE DIDN'T."



TURFIANA.

THE importation of stallions from foreign places is still the order of the day, and the example set by Mr. Blenkiron two years since in hiring Henry and Dutch Skater, to fill up vacancies at Middle Park, having been followed, among others, by Mr. Cookson leasing Savator, we now find breeders not content with a "term of years," but yearning for "absolute possession." In this spirit Cymbal has lately found a purchaser in Mr. Waring, and now Soapstone comes upon the scene, being advertised to bear Nee Saw company at Marden Deer Park. Though this "last of the Touchstones" comes amongst us a comparative stranger, after his long term of expatriation, we have had a taste of his quality, so to speak, during the year just concluded, in which certain of his produce offered for sale have realised extraordinary prices. The manager of the Stud Company was, we believe, responsible for the introduction of those youngsters into England, and his first experiment with one of them at the Cobham sale was so satisfactory that it was repeated on a larger scale at Doncaster last September, with equally satisfactory results. Soapstone we have not set eyes on since he ran in this country, but one thing in his favour is certain, viz., that he gets big, strong well-furnished stock; perhaps one of the highest qualifications for sires, whose stock are destined for the sale ring. In nine cases out of ten size is a primary consideration with purchasers of yearlings, who like to have something to show for their money, and this taste is never likely to give way to an opposite fancy, though it could plainly be shown that the "lesser folk" have a good deal the best of it as regards ability in the sphere they were intended to adorn. Too many of these great slashing youngsters fall all to pieces when subjected to the test of training; but such failures are soon forgotten, and the victims come up smiling to bid against each other for the possession of another "magnificent" creature, having this consolation at least, that a good big one is better than a good little one, and that the one which fulfils his early promise is a treasure indeed. As regards the blood of Soapstone, it may, without flattery, be pronounced unexceptionable; and there is quite an Alice Hawthorn flavour about his dam's pedigree, which is a delicious change in these times, and especially since Thorn has paid the debt of nature.

There can be no doubt that the new regulation as to the fees payable for the luxury of assumed names has worked well so far, as evidenced by the few "great unknowns" who have been bold enough to put down their pony for that privilege, in comparison with the hosts which availed themselves of the mask a few years since. All that is now required is for the Grand National Hunt Committee to raise their registration fee to a similar amount, which would surely entail no disadvantage on any one, unless we are to be asked to adopt the theory, that racing was made for the richer and steeplechasing for the poorer class of sportsmen. No such argument, however, will be found capable of holding water for a moment, and our contention is that, the lower we descend in the scale of owners of horses the more necessary is it we should know with whom we are dealing, experience having shown that horses, with which "fantastic tricks" have been played, in many cases belong to gangs of welshers of the first water, and are owned by "nobody in particular."

The Glasgow Stud stallions come up to Albert Gate on Monday next; the list is much the same as usual, and the conditions of hiring identical with those issued on previous occasions. We have been told that a much-needed "spurt" is now being made in the breeding circles likely to be affected by the Glasgow sires; consequently we are entitled to hope that competition may rule brisker and prices more liberal for as sound and useful a lot of animals as were ever set before that somewhat unappreciative body, the British public.

The entries for the various stakes advertised to close on the first Tuesday in January are now before us, and may be said to indicate a fairly prosperous state of things; the extra weight of added money telling with marked effect in several instances where subscriptions have shown a tendency to increase; notably in the New Stakes at Ascot, which has secured over 100 nominations by means of its money added. The Gold Cup has also secured a respectable entry, apparently with more "hopeless" ones in it than usual; and we presume that John Day's career is to be assimilated to that of Hampton, for he has already taken to the jumping business kindly enough. As regards the chief handicapped events, we have again to remark that the crack three year olds are conspicuous by their absence, owners not seeming to care for a good public trial, and perhaps fearing to know the worst at once. It was not thus in the years when St. Albans and Speculum gave us a taste of their abilities over the Epsom track; but somehow owners have come to regard it as the correct thing to bottle up their Derby nags, and to deceive themselves by home trials, and that terrible delusion, collateral running. The City and Suburban is popular as ever, and the Metropolitan is looking up, while the two year old spins have mostly received substantial support.

The Rake, we perceive, comes south this year, and takes up his quarters at Easton Lodge with Le Marechal, but he is hardly of sufficient calibre for such a growing establishment, where we had quite hoped to see something quite first-rate in Galopin's box, though there is plenty of time to fill it satisfactorily during the next few weeks.

Lowlander stands at his old quarters near Hull, and with him The Baron, a sire whose whereabouts has been almost unknown before this year, but who can show a few winners of races. He cost a mint of money at Her Majesty's sale as a yearling, but we cannot call to mind any public performance on his part, though he comes of such fine running blood.

The subscription list of Pero Gomez is filling fast, and he will have some dams of good winners this season to keep him going in the world. Breeders who sift the running returns of our rising sires at the end of the season must admit that Pero has shown up excellently well, considering the chances he has had; and in "reckoning up" a horse, not only must analysts bear in mind the amount of money won by his offspring, but they should look back on his foal lists in previous seasons, and note the proportion of successful runners to the numbers produced in each year. Unless this is taken into account we cannot properly gauge the merits of any father of the stud; but with young beginners it is especially necessary, seeing that so many get but a very few mares for the first season or two at the public service. Pero Gomez confers a deal of character upon his stock, but it is very different from that which distinguishes the young Palmers and Rosicrucians; for in place of the roundness and compact finish of the latter, we often find a shelliness and angularity about Pero's specimens as foals and even as yearlings, and thus they are more likely to improve than to stand still, as is too often the case with the "mouldy" set yearlings which charm the eye when led into the magic circle. Pero Gomez could never be reckoned a "precocious" horse; in fact we doubt if we saw the best of him on the Turf, and no horse can have altered and improved more since he joined the stud. The hand of time has smothered away many of those angles and (so to speak) *gaucheries*, which caused critics to write down Pero Gomez as a "three-cornered devil," and we advise certain of his detractors to take stock of him in his box at Bonehill Paddocks, before forming a final judgment. His former companion, Musket, has had, we perceive, an Irish rise, being advertised to stand at Hampton Court at 30 guineas instead of 50, at which price he

commanded a liberal supply of mares at his old home in the Midlands.

Lord Ailesbury's death leaves a blank in that class of followers of racing which has suffered so many losses of late, and the familiar "Zingari" colours will be missed from many an important weight for age contest, while Alec Taylor (by whom his employers have stood so staunchly for years) will sorely miss the patron with whose name so many of his successes as a trainer have been identified. Content to rely upon a small but select coterie of brood mares for his supplies to the Manton stable, Lord Ailesbury's name was nevertheless seldom missing from the list of nominators to the leading two and three year old races of the season, and for a long time he and the late Lord Zetland were the Alpha and Omega of subscribers to all the principal events. Bribery may be regarded as the corner-stone of his collection of mares, and St. Albans and Savernake are names which will live in turf history, the former as one of the principal stars in the great constellation which "Thormanby's year" produced, and the latter as the embodiment of unsuccessful pluck in a season hardly less distinguished for the brilliancy of its performers. In short, it may be said that for a racing man "in a small way" (and Lord Ailesbury made no pretence to pursue his hobby after the same lavish fashion as many of his contemporaries), the owner of the above-mentioned celebrities enjoyed no small share of fortune's favours; while it may also be said of him that his policy was invariably straightforward, and he was one of the few who have not been "hailed over the coals" at some time or another by a righteously indignant public. Of but few men connected with a large and powerful stable can this be said; and the trait is none the less pleasing because of its rarity. As Master of the Horse he was the means of inaugurating some judicious reforms in the matter of Queen's Plates, a subject on which from his experience as well as his tact he was well calculated to legislate; and altogether his loss will be severely felt in a sphere which, somewhat unobtrusively perhaps, but none the less usefully he so long helped to adorn.

The marriage, so often prematurely announced, but at length definitely "arranged" between Lord Rosebery and Miss de Rothschild will be the means of uniting two families well known in connection with the Turf, and both held in high esteem for the straightforward policy which has invariably characterised their racing ventures. Interest in the sport is not likely to be extinguished by the auspicious event likely to take place at an early date; and in addition to a few stray millions of money, and the broad acres which surround the Palace of the Vale, the heiress of Mentmore will likewise "bring into partnership" (if we may be permitted to use so commonplace and unromantic an expression) the famous stud at Craftern, which has turned out so many distinguished bearers of the dark blue and yellow of the house of Rothschild. Henceforward, we trust, its yearling produce will be sent up to Isley or Newmarket, as in the good old days, not to figure in the sale ring, but to graduate under distinguished tutors in the honours of the racing "class list." We have long since missed from Newmarket Heath the well-known face and figure which watched the fortunes of the race from beside the cords, and was never missing from its accustomed place when anything of "the Baron's" had its number hoisted for the fray. Old times will seem to have returned when, as we trust may be case, the same face, but under a different name, shall beam brighter than ever in the success of the "rose and primrose hoops," which have become familiar to us all since the day when Ladas carried them, not conspicuously enough, in the Derby of Pretender's year. *Bona omnia et fausta ominatus* used to be the farewell formula addressed to those leaving Eton, in the books presented by the head master as a parting gift to the *alumni* about to take his leave, and with this motto we would salute the distinguished pair, and wish them, in addition to all domestic happiness, a large share of those "good things" of the Turf which almost invariably come in time to those who court fortune with pluck and patience.

SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

ATHLETICS are as nearly as possible a blank this week, only one fact coming to my notice, viz., a run by the South London Harriers, eight of whom, Messrs. J. W. Baxter, R. B. xter, W. H. Brooker, W. M. Colson, C. D. Evitt, G. F. Harris, D. T. Mayson, and A. Turner, with Mr. C. H. Mason, of the Thames Hare and Hounds, had a trial spin over the five mile challenge cup course. What sort of an affair remains somewhat in *obscura*, since all the information that I can gain is that the hares, who were Turner and J. H. Baxter, started at four o'clock, and that they arrived home at 4 hours 47 min., exactly a quarter of an hour in advance of their pursuers, who thus never gained or lost on them. There is some likelihood of better sport, however, next Saturday, as the S. L. H. Challenge Cup is to be run for, the entries being J. Waddington, the brothers C. D. and F. Evitt, R. B. A. Sprange, G. F. Harris, H. D. Thomas, M. Colson, and F. W. Firminiger; my opinion being that, all well, the leading division should be Waddington, Thomas, and Harris, preferring them in the order given; whilst, in addition, the Railway Clearing House Harriers decide their seven miles steeplechase handicap; and the West London Harriers and Peckham A. C. have runs. By-the-bye, an idea, to be found in a comic contemporary, with regard to the way to spend your holidays, proves that the doings at cross country re-unions are not confined within the limit of their own circles, it is "go down to the Hare and Hounds with the fellows, and lose a few pounds at billiards, you now. Then a little tossing for champagne would bring you through the afternoon." Had the writer added, and some quiet gambling at "nap," &c., &c., he would have betrayed a hidden knowledge of what really goes on to an immoderate extent, at more than one club. Last Saturday the entries for the Thames Hare and Hounds "Long Distance Challenge Cup Steeplechase" closed, and the holder W. E. Fuller's right to retain the trophy is disputed by C. H. Mason, P. H. Stenning, C. H. Benson, J. J. Bateman, and C. W. H. Dicker; the race however will not be run until the second of next month.

Lacrosse is not a very popular game at present in England, but those who are fond of the sport can witness it by journeying to Croydon next Saturday, when the home team play their return match against Clapton.

Hearing that a roller skating match, that was likely to turn out somewhat about bar, was to be decided last Monday evening, I journeyed as far as Mr. Pinch's popular rink at Cambridge Heath, and there discovered some three hundred persons assembled to witness a twenty miles spin, the opponents being J. Barnes, the champion, and F. Rowlands, the South London crack, the latter being in receipt of half a mile start, and the stake at issue twenty sovereigns. A more onesided affair I never witnessed, since after Rowland had covered his half mile, Barnes went in pursuit at such lightning speed that he caught his man at six miles, had him dead settled ere half the distance had been covered, and was allowed to finish alone (his opponent pulling up at sixteen miles and one lap) in one hour, twenty-three minutes, forty-four seconds, and two-fifths. A more orderly or better behaved company it has not been my lot to see gathered together at any species of sport, whilst the proprietors, the Messrs. Pinch, deserve every encomium

for the admirable manner in which they carry out all their arrangements; and whatever fault the police endeavour to discover when a glove contest is being decided, it is a fact, that the company attending there on Monday evening put to shame many of those at several churches I could mention. Being the most important match that has taken place in the Metropolitan district, I append the times of each man in detail.

BARNES.					ROWLANDS.					BARNES.					ROWLANDS.							
Mile time.					Mile time.					Mile time.					Mile time.							
Mile.	H.	M.	S.	M. S.	H.	M.	S.		Mile.	H.	M.	S.	M. S.	H.	M.	S.						
1	—	0	3	30 ...	3	30	.....	0	4	26	11	—	0	43	10	...	4	7	.....	0	45	14
2	—	0	7	6 ...	3	35	.....	0	8	17	12	—	0	47	17	...	4	1	.....	0	50	35
3	—	0	10	50 ...	3	44	.....	0	11	55	13	—	0	51	24	...	4	5	.....	0	55	2
4	—	0	14	39 ...	3	49	.....	0	16	20	14	—	0	55	39	...	4	17	.....	0	59	48
5	—	0	18	30 ...	3	51	.....	0	20	25	15	—	1	0	22	...	4	43	.....	1	4	37
6	—	0	22	30 ...	4	0	.....	0	24	50	16	—	1	5	0	...	4	38	.....	1	9	41
7	—	0	26	26 ...	3	56	.....	0	28	50	17	—	1	9	15	...	4	15	.....	Stopped		
8	—	0	30	35 ...	4	9	.....	0	33	5	18	—	1	13	43	...	4	30	.....	aftergo-		
9	—	0	34	51 ...	4	16	.....	0	37	23	19	—	1	19	20	...	5	35	.....	ing 1 lap		
10	—	0	39	9 ...	4	18	.....	0	41	39	20	—	1	23	44	2-5	4	24	2-5	further.		

After the match, Rowlands indulged in some tall talk of what he could and would do with anyone bar Barnes in the rink, but although, having a commission, I sent a deputy to offer to match "Little Joe" against him he drew in his horns; however, if he wants to be on he can be accommodated for £10 or £20 over a level ten miles.

Rowing is a dead letter for the time being, the other "notes" being those that circulate the doings of Boyd and Higgins on the Tyne. When the match was first ratified, I expressed my opinion that the Southerner would prove the better man, and gave my reasons for doing so. His way has been made somewhat clearer, by the fact that Boyd has been amiss, however, he is going on well according to latest advices, but the river-side critics think most of the Londoner's chance.

In football alone have I anything really to write about, and, as usual, there has been the weekly complement of matches. On Saturday last, although the weather was most miserably unfavourable, the metropolitan clubs were out in force. At Blackheath, on what is known as Richardson's Field, the local club were engaged with the Queen's House team; but the state of the field was utterly against lively play, the match resulting in a draw, Blackheath touching down once to their opponent's six times. The Richmond teams were both engaged against the Marlborough Nomads, they were easily victorious by one goal, two tries, and four touches-down to nothing, but Ealing Park only lost their game by the trifling advantage of a try. Barnes paid a visit to Canberwell to try their strength against the First Surrey Rifles, and were enabled to score two goals to nil, although it is but fair to the vanquished to state that the advantage was gained before changing ends at half time, during which period they were two men short. Under Rugby Union Rules, the Clapham Rovers measured their strength against the Gipsies in an out-of-the-way field between Wandsworth and Tooting, when a grandly contested match ensued, which at the call of "time" eventuated in a draw. Another Rugby game was played at Highgate, the respective teams belonging to Union and Swallows, the former winning by three tries and three touches-down to nil. In the provinces Great Marlow gave Henley-on-Thames a most decisive thrashing by six goals to love; and the Hertfordshire Rangers beat Bradfield Waifs by two goals and a disputed one to a disputed goal; Manchester settled the pretensions of Leeds by one goal, two tries, and five touches-down to a try and two touches-down; Nottingham Forest defeated Nottingham by seven goals to nothing; Forest were beaten by one goal to six by Southwell, and Glasgow Academicals and West of Scotland played a draw at Glasgow. On Monday East Sheen lowered the colours of the Vampyres by two goals and two tries at goal to a try; and Berkshire beat Buckinghamshire by one goal to nothing. Of other matches not already mentioned, which were decided on the last day of the week Wanderers played a draw with Old Foresters, as did Manchester Rangers and Halifax; St. Thomas Hospital beat Wasps by a goal and five touch-downs to nothing. Clapham Rovers, Swifts by two goals to one; Hanover United, Arlington by one goal to love; Trent drew with Sneinton Wanderers; St. Vincent beat Edinburgh University by a goal to nil; Glasgow University, Paisley by a goal and a try to nothing; Lausanne and Wimbledon made a draw of it, &c., &c.

A tamer week's sport in those items of it that fall within my province has not occurred for many a long day, but as the festivities of the season are well-nigh over, things will look up, and in my next contribution I hope to be able to supply something more amusing to my readers, and more creditable to

EXON.

At twenty minutes to ten on Saturday evening last, a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Samuel May, theatrical costumier, 35 and 36, Bow-street, adjoining the police station, and notwithstanding the prompt arrival of a powerful steam fire-engine from the Chandos-street station of the Fire Brigade and several manuals from other quarters, considerable damage was done, but at no time was the police station in danger of being damaged.

THE BEITERTON AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB gave their Eighteenth Performance on the 3rd inst. at St. George's Hall. Half an hour with "Betsy Baker," the four part farce for Mr. G. Harris, Mr. Utting, Miss Kathleen O'Connor, and Mrs. Wood, but whetted the appetites of the audience for the original three-act comedy by Simpson and Merivale, "Alone," in which Mr. Courtney shone as "the blind old man" Colonel Challice, while Mr. Herbert as Strawless, and Mr. Webb as Cameron, ably sustained the character of the club. The best masculine star of the evening shone in the part of Doctor Micklethwaite, by Mr. Ernest Maurice. Miss Pattie Bell acted to admiration as the designing Widow Thornton, but the highest honours of the campaign are due to Miss Kathleen O'Connor, who, as the tenderly affectionate daughter of the stern old soldier, wins back her rightful place in his heart.

THE Marquis of Ailesbury is no more. His lordship was in town in his usual health during the closing days of the past year, and on Friday, 28th ult., he left London for his family seat. On the following day he complained of slight indisposition, and on Sunday, the 6th inst., he died from inflammation of the lungs, full of years, and full of honour, mourned for by all true sportsmen. For nearly a generation the Marquis mingled with turfites, and never once did the breath of suspicion sully his name.

"THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."—In reply to numerous enquiries we have to state that the sketches which are appearing in this journal, under the above title are by Mr. F. Wyatt, "the dumb tenor," in Mr. Arthur Matthison's opera bouffe, *Contempt of Court*. Mr. Wyatt's talents as a luminous draughtsman speak for themselves. We may say, with regard to his abilities as an actor, that his playing of the small part of a Footman in *A Night of Terror*, at the Folly, is more than commendable and his imitation of Mr. Irving in the Crystal Palace pantomime is worth a journey thither to see.

THE HARSH WINDS. BITING FROSTS and contracting effects of cold, render the skin at this period a painful source of solicitude, and require the frequent application of that mild and infallible specific, ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, which will preserve it in health and beauty amid the most trying vicissitudes of the season.—Sold by chemists at 4s. 6d. per bottle.—[ADVT.]

CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, AND THROAT AFFECTIONS BY DR. LOCKOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Lea, Druggist, Ellesmere: "I would recommend you to give more publicity to your Wafers; it is astonishing what good effects are resulting from them." Sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box.—[ADVT.]



## OUT IN THE SNOW.

## A SNOWSTORM ON THE KIRGHIZ STEPPES.

How the horses which run wild on the Russian steppes manage to survive the cold and storms of the terrible winter months is a profound mystery. In some years the poor beasts perish by thousands, the roving population, as Captain Burnaby tells us in his "Ride to Khiva," hardly ever give them corn, trusting to the slight vegetation which exists under the snow. "A Tartar who is a rich man one week may find himself a beggar the next. This comes from the frequent snowstorms, when the thermometer sometimes descends to from 40 to 50 deg. below zero, Fahrenheit; but more often from some slight thaw taking place for perhaps a few hours. This is sufficient to ruin whole districts. The ground becomes covered with an impenetrable coating of ice, and the horses simply die of starvation, not being able to kick away the frozen substance, as they do the grass, beneath their hoofs. No horses which I have ever seen are so hardy as these little animals, which are indigenous to the Kirghiz steppes; perhaps for the same reason that the Spartans of old excelled all other nations in physical strength, but with this difference, that nature does out to the weakly colts the same fate which the Spartan parents apportioned to their sickly offspring. The Kirghiz never clothe their horses, even in the coldest winter. They do not even take the trouble to water them, the snow eaten by the animals supplying this want. Towards the end of the winter months the ribs of the poor beasts almost come through their sides, but once the snow disappears and the rich vegetation which replaces it in the early spring comes up, the animals gain flesh and strength, and are capable of performing marches which many people in this country would deem impossible, a ride of a hundred miles not being at all an uncommon occurrence in Tartary. Kirghiz horses are not generally well-shaped, and cannot gallop very fast, but they can traverse enormous distances without water, forage, or halting." On another page, referring to these hardy little steeds, the captain says: "The Kirghiz horse yields to none in strength and endurance. A nation which is able to dispose of from 300,000 to 400,000 horsemen, mounted upon steeds such as I have described, is a very formidable embodiment of military power. It must be remembered that the Cossacks are constituted no longer as irregular cavalry. They are being as highly trained as any troops in Russia. Great attention is paid to their shooting, and they are continually being instructed in dismounted service. The Russian cavalry bought its experience in the Crimea. Formerly it was the worst led force in Europe: it is now well supplied with intelligent officers, and the Cossacks will be found a very different foe from those undisciplined and badly-armed horsemen whom we encountered in the Crimea."

## SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT TATTERSALL'S.

ON MONDAY, JANUARY 7.

So far as numbers were concerned Mr. Tattersall was well supported to-day, but there the support ceased, for buyers were loth to come forward, and the appended return represents the full sale of thoroughbreds. Tom Ansley, of Littleton, had a wedding-out sale, and amongst those offered was Water Lily, who could scarcely be deemed a dear bargain to James Adams at 400gs., and at precisely half this figure Mr. R. Foster purchased Cinderella, well within her value.

The Property of a Gentleman.

Red Sea (1873), b m, by Suspicion out of Wagtail, by Rataplan; Gs. covered by Fichborne ..... 50  
Horses in Training, the property of Mr. T. Ansley.  
Water Lily, b m, 5 yrs, by Lord Lyon out of Atoneum, by Oulston Mr. T. Adams 400  
Little Belle, ch m, 4 yrs, by Idus of The Belle of Warwick, by Leamington ..... Mr. Constable 41  
Ebony, br c, 3 yrs, by Cardinal York out of Mulberry, by Readsman Mr. Waldron 31  
Christopher, b c, 3 yrs, by Macaroni out of Christina, by Wild Dayrell Mr. Cracker 21

The property of a Gentleman.

Cinderella, ch m, 4 yrs, by Blair Athol out of Chiffonnière (sister to Buccaneer).....Mr. Porter 200

## STUD NEWS.

The following mares have arrived at Bonehill Paddocks, to be put to Pero Gomez:—Dec. 17, General Pearson's Pan ply, dam of Regent, in foal to Lecturer; and Cognisance, dam of Hopbloom, in foal to Lecturer. Dec. 27th, Mr. Weeve's Prosperity (dam of S. J. Joseph), in foal to Pero Gomez. Jan. 3rd, General Wood's Travolina, in foal to Y. Melbourne; Court Card, in foal to Lord Lyon; and Voturnix, barren.

The Stud Company, COBHAM.—January 6, the Stud Company's Lady Bountiful, a filly by Wild Cats, and will be put to Carnival. Arrived to Blair Athol.—January, Mr. C. J. Lefevre's Tartine.

THE GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS.—Messrs. Tattersall will let by Auction, on Monday Next, at Albert Gate, several of the above well-known stallions. See advertisement for particulars.

MESSRS. ADRIDGE will sell by auction on Saturday, Jan. 19, thirty-seven valuable greyhound saplings, the property of Mr. R. Clementson. Particulars of which will be found in an advertisement.

We understand that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly be solemnised, between the Earl of Rosebery and Miss Hannah de Rothschild, daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild.

The Empress of Austria, who has come to England for the hunting, arrived in London on Monday week.

BENEFIT TO GEORGE ATKINSON, OF YORKSHIRE.—Cricketers everywhere will—ought to be glad to hear that a benefit is to be given to George Atkinson. The proposed match is to be entitled the Gentlemen of England v. Players of the North, to take place at Dewsbury on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 23, 24, and 25. Amongst those who have promised to play for the Gentlemen are W. G. Grace, A. N. Hornby, V. Royce, A. Appleby, and the Rev. E. S. Carter. We join with our contemporary, the *Sporting Life*, in trusting that Atkinson may have a "bumper," as he has served his country long and faithfully. George Atkinson is engaged with Rossall College again this year.

We learn from the *Sporting Chronicle* that Mr. Christopher Barrass, the well-known Newcastle sportsman, has proposed to perform a most liberal act towards the locked-out miners of the north. He has engaged J. S. Robson, of Liverpool, to attempt the feat of waling 1,600 miles in 19 days, and will guarantee the whole of the expenses, thus leaving the "gate money" to be added to the fund for the relief of the distressed colliers and their families. Bully for Mr. Barrass!

DEATH OF STOLEN MOMENTS.—The *Sportsman* records the death of this famous brood mare, which took place on the 1st instant, age and consequent infirmities having necessitated a recourse to "the friendly bullet." She was shot at Mr. Hudson's stud farm, Brigham, near Hull, and buried in the centre of a large picture, known as "Crookley Hill," by the side of her dam, Lady Elizabeth. In this field Stolen Moments reared such turf celebrities as Lady Irespess, Golden Pledge, Cathedral, Vanderdecken, &c., and Stolen Moments herself, Coast Guard, Lady Highborn, General Williams, and Excelsman gambolled at the side of Lady Elizabeth. Lady Trespess, who is unfortunately barren this season, and Lady Highborn, in foal to Brown Bread, have taken the places of their dams at Brigham.

DAY, SON, AND HEWITT'S, STOCKBREEDER'S MEDICINE. CHIST.—Is, at home and abroad, the Farmer's right hand in dealing with the direful maladies of Debility, Diarrhoea, Inflammation, and Colicky pines, which carry off annually so many thousands of his young Cattle, Sheep, and Lambs.—22, Dorset street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES contain no Opium, Morphia, nor any violent drug. It is the most effective remedy known to the Medical Profession in the cure of COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS—one Lozenge alone relieves. Dr. J. BRINGLOB, M.R.C.S.L., L.S.A., L.M., writes: July 25, 1877, "Your Lozenges are excellent, and their beneficial effects most reliable; I strongly recommend them." Sold by all Chemists, in Boxes 1s. 1d., and 2s. 6d. each.—[ADVT.]

A TOILET GEM.—"Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, unrivalled as a Toilet Water for its delightful and remarkably delicate aromatic odour. The pleasures and benefits of a bath are increased wonderfully by the addition of a small quantity of it. Extraordinary tonic properties are conceded to it for the nervous and those suffering from headache or fatigue. Beware of spurious imitations. Buy only the "Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, which name is registered for protection. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

## HUNTING NOTES.

BY A HUNTING MAN.

THE ROMNEY MARSH HARRIERS had a most extraordinary run on Monday last. They met at the Woolpack Inn, a field of about 30 assembled, and the result was, as is generally the case in the Lower Agney country, a capital day. The field included the Hon. Member for Hastings, the Revs. Wilson, Hafenden, Baldock, and Lebb, and the usual members of the hunt. A hare was found in a field adjoining Guildford Lane, and away went the pack at full cry, at a rattling pace in the direction of Knatchbull Land, and running straight for a mile and a half, they had a check for a minute, they hit off the scent, bunted up to her, and drove her to the north side of the road to the new buildings. Turning to the left she pointed for the railway, to Mr. Bayden's; she then swam the White Kemp Sewer, away by the Guildford railway crossing, but being headed, turned straight for Kye. She crossed and re-crossed the line, but the pace getting too hot, she made straight for Camber beach. The hounds ran her along the shingle, faced her to the sand banks, on the sea shore, when from running from scent to view, she cashed into the sea, followed by the pack, and was then killed. It is almost impossible to say how far this run was on account of the many turns, but from first to last the pace was tremendous and the pluck with which the hounds stuck to their game was a treat to see. The time was exactly an hour and a half.

THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS met on Thursday at Farnham Common, and a very small field. The hounds were laid on at the "Yew-Tree" to an "untried" hind—pointing for the enclosures, near Meaconsfield, but headed back to the Woodlands—away for Burnham Beeches, where many were thrown out, and hardly any one saw the run, as the hounds slipped the whole field, but they got up to them at Gerrards Cross. The fog coming on, Goodall did not turn out another. This was a bad day's sport. On Friday they met a small field at Binglefield. Turned out at Binglefield Place, ran to Popes Wood where the deer "hung" for some time, but at last broke away to Bracknell Common, past Winkfield Grove, through Mr. King's Park to Washfield, and Upton Grove to Tolejohn Farm, through the Park to New Lodge, across North Street to Hatchet Lane, when she was taken after a very good hunting run of two hours, over a capital country. The going very heavy in places.

THE DRAG HOUNDS AT WINDSOR met on Saturday at Woodside. The hounds laid on at Priest Hill, over a good line to Runnymede to Egham, and finished a hot line at Chertsey. The Prince Imperial was out, Lady Tollet, and a good field. The Prince rode well throughout. The meet was at the Hatch, near Surley Hall, and a large field out. The line was from the Hatch to Holyport, crossed the road and over the meadows to Mr. Alnutt's farm, when they had a check. Away again in the direction of Grey's house, and finished at Mr. Hamilton's farm. Just before the finish, Lord Charles Ker and an officer from the garrison indulged in a cold bath in trying to jump the brook, but they remounted and finished the run. The three ladies, Mrs. Herbert, Lady Tollet, and Mrs. Richardson, still lead the field.

SIR ROBERT HARVEY'S HARRIERS met on Tuesday at the Hounslow Barracks, by invitation of the officers of the 8th Hussars, who entertained Sir Robert and the field to a sumptuous breakfast. A "deer" from Langley Park was turned out on Mr. Tillyer's farm, near Harlington Corner, but the day was very bad for the sport, for a thick fog came on, and the result was not so good as the large field anticipated. Sir Robert had some capital gallops last season with "deer," and his hounds took uncommonly well to the scent; in fact, sometimes they ran right away from the field.

THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HOUNDS met at Thame last Tuesday, found a fox at Priestland. After making for Rycott he doubled back and ran into the open street of Thame, and took refuge in the yard of the Inn—he was driven out, amidst intense excitement of the whole town, and killed in the open—"not" country, but "street." Being market day, there were a large number of people in the town, who witnessed the kill—the Earl of Macclesfield being present. An accident very nearly happened to the hounds; for running over the railway, had it not been for the presence of mind of the engine driver, who stopped the train, no doubt some of them would have been killed.

THE SOUTHDOWN FOXHOUNDS have been having fair sport. On Monday last they met at Horsted, and a good field was at the meet, as they did not hunt through the frost the Friday before. Drew Mr. Barchard's covers blank—then went to Hawkhurst Wood—found at once, but unfortunately the hounds "ran heel," and a valuable quarter of an hour was lost. Getting righted, they ran through the covers just drawn away, over the Lewes and Chichester road, over the railway, leaving Park wood. The hunted fox crossed the road, and Champion, "lifting to the halloo," got at him, hunting him through Park wood, back to the railway, by the side of which he ran for nearly half a mile. Turning to the left, he was headed in the wood, and away then for Lord Gage's plantations. The scent now got bad, and it was only by a succession of casts and lifting them that they could hold the line, but at Plashey they again got on terms with him. They ran into him after a slow hunting run of two hours and thirty minutes.

They met on Wednesday, at Jevington, at Mr. Holmwood's and a good field assembled, many coming from Brighton, they found at Mr. Holmwood's—ran to a point above Wennock, along the plantations back to where he was found. He kept dging about for the furze, for a long time, and was killed after a bad run. Found again at Mr. Holmwood's farm on the hill, when the fog came on so thick that it was almost impossible to do anything, so the pack was whipped off, when they reached the face-course adjacent to the cliff.

MR. ROLLESTON'S HOUNDS.—Friday, 4th January, saw Mr. Rolleston and his pack at that uninteresting object, Tithby Guide Post. A "field" of average proportions included several ladies, as well as a stranger from the Blankney Hunt. For the first time this season the Smite Hill covert was blank. We then drew Langar lane and Hoe Hill covers; both of which were untenanted. The next draw was Hardygate Gorse, otherwise known as Cropwell Lings, though the former is the correct designation. The hounds were scarcely in cover before a grey old fox was away. They ran him first for twelve minutes across the Cropwell Grange Farm and over the Bingham Dyke, and leaving Tithby to the left, they came to a check on the new road at the end of Meadow-lane. After a few minutes delay they hit off the line again, and ran through Langar lane covert, over the road, and slowly by Winifred Wood to Blinches Gorse; away again past the farmhouse, almost to Cropwell Bishop, where probably the fox was headed, for they got on better terms with him, and ran nicely to Langar lane covert, then along the Smite, past Wiverton Hall, and bearing to the left, crossed the Bingham Dyke and past the new railway. But hares were so numerous that the scent was completely foiled, and they lost their fox after a good hunting run. Mr. Rolleston tried Hardy's gate Gorse again, but without success, and then drew the Harlequin covert, a very select number being left, when the fox crossed the side at the top of the hill. The hounds ran very prettily over the Cropwell road, nearly to the Stagglethorpe Farm, where bearing to the left, they ran through Mr. Doncaster's brickyard to the Hoe Hill, and over the hill down to the canal, but as it was almost dark the hounds were whipped off and a good day's sport came to an end. I was sorry to see the reckless manner in which people rode over young wheat in the Bingham fields without any occasion. I even saw men (who should have known better) leave grass to do so. There are doubtless a few churls amongst farmers, who object to hunting at any time, but whilst one may be so ungenerous ninety-nine freely allow their crops to be ridden over when bounds are running, and I think the least hunting men can do to show their appreciation of such good hearted fellows is to try to do as little damage as possible. It is very trying to the agricultural mind to see fifty horsemen riding foot's pace over a field of wheat or seeds, when they would see just the same amount of sport on the other side of the fence, on fallow stubbles or perhaps a cat road. If sportsmen will follow my advice and show a little consideration to farmers I feel sure we should hear less complaints and have less wire and fewer locked gates, and hunting would be more popular than ever.—[ACTON (Nottingham Guardian).]

LORD GALWAY'S HOUNDS.—These hounds met on Monday at Babworth Bar, Retford, when there was a first-rate muster, and the weather was pretty favourable. Walker Plantation was first drawn, but with no result, and the field then trotted off to Eaton Breck, where one of the right sort was at home. He was quickly induced to break covert, and away he went in splendid style, forward to Gamston Coverts, then he made away to Elksley Close, by the Jockey House, and on to Sharpe's Coverts, to the right of Patmore. Nothing seemed to stay either fox or field, and without a check the run continued, rounding to Normanton Inn, and forward to Hardwick, where the fox crossed the water in sight of nearly the whole field. From this point it was almost a neck-and-neck run with hounds and fox, going up by Clouder Wood, near Taylor Lodge, and just as he was entering the coverts the hounds ran into him, making a glorious finish, after a run of fifty-five minutes, without the slightest check. After this Forest Coverts were drawn, and a fox found, which was soon after dug out. Another chase was given him, but he failed to get away, and was quickly killed. Amongst those on the field were Lord Galway, Colonel White, and Messrs. R. Viner, Overend, Payly, Watson, Thorold, Hodgkinson, Goudsbrough, Hannam, Hunt, Benj. Hewson, Walker, Machin and others.—[Nottingham Guardian.]

Mr. Powell's Hounds Tuesday, Döl Wylm (breakfast) 10 o'clock. Friday, Whitland for Brunants covers) 10.0.  
The followers of the Queen's Hounds had a good day's sport with two hinds. The meet was at Stoke, and the day was a numerous field. The first animal, an untried one, was untried on the Common, and went at a splintered pace over the Duke of Somerset's property to Horne-hill, Chalfont St. Peters, where it doubled, and was captured in a gentleman's garden near the village. The field then trotted back to Stoke, and the second hind was turned out, taking nearly the same route, and being at length lost in the darkness. The horse of Mr. Springhall Thompson, a young gentleman residing at Slough, bolted with him and knocked down a gate a few furlongs, at the same time cantering against another horse and rider and knocking both over. Fortunately, however, the accident was not of a very serious nature.

ACCIDENT ON THE HUNTING FIELD.—On Monday, Will Dale, huntsman to the Hurton Hounds, met with a serious accident. During a run across the

farm of Mr. W. Harpham, Grayingham, near Gainsborough, Dale was taking a leap over a hedge when the horse caught, there hung for a moment or two, and then both it and its rider fell heavily to the ground. The result of the fall was that Dale's thigh was broken, though the horse escaped uninjured. Dale was removed to his residence at Keppham Kennels, where he is now going on as favourably as can be expected.

A fox (says the *Sportsman*), with an evident predilection for fashionable quarters, surprised the residents of Clifton, Bristol, by boldly putting in an appearance there on Saturday last, and just before mid-day he was seen crossing the Whitebodies-road and making for Pembroke-road, one of the widest thoroughfares of fashionable Clifton. Some schoolboys raised a "Tally ho!" and presently a couple of dozen persons and three or four dogs were in full chase. Keynard made desperate attempts to get through the iron gateway of the grounds of Bromfield, the residence of Mr. Ball, but he only succeeded in extricating himself in time to double upon his pursuers, and leap over the wall of the grounds skirting the Artillery Volunteers' headquarters. In doing so he knocked away some of the pieces of broken glass set in the mortar capping the wall, and must have cut himself with the glass. The pursuers, now largely increased in numbers, followed into the artillery ground, where the adventuresome fox was nearly captured, but dashing up the slope of the quadrangle just as he was close pressed, he found himself alongside the Water Works Company's large reservoir, and at once took to the water. The amateur huntsmen attempted to surround the reservoir, and thought they were now secure of their quarry; but Keynard proved too much for them, and breaking through the ring he made off for Oakfield road. Here a fresh lot of pursuers joined in the chase, and at length the fox, after defending himself with desperate courage, and biting the hands of one or two of his enemies so severely that they had to have the wounds cauterised, was captured by a cabman, and carried off in triumph. Caddy refusing the offer of a town councillor to purchase the brush.

As the Westmeath hounds were hunting a fox from Crieve Hill last Thursday week, a train from Clara ran into the pack near Streamstown, but fortunately only killed a single hound (Marlot). The engine-driver was rounding a curve, so that he had no chance of seeing the predicament in time to arrest the fatal wheels. The Curraghmore pack had a fortunate escape from decimation by a train only a few days prior to this catastrophe.—[The World.]

## COURSING.

## NEWMARKET LOCAL MEETING.

THIRD DAY.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 5.

Stewards: Mr. Giblin, Mr. Brunwin, Mr. Cotman, and Mr. Aspland.

Judge: Mr. Wentworth. Slipper: R. Jeffreys.

NEWMARKET STAKES, at £10 10s. each.

Duke of Hamilton's br w b *Hic my Nannie*, by Hawkshaw Pate—Caroline, beat Mr. Hewlins' ns (Mr. Whitehead's) r w d p *Whistling Dick*, by Peasant Boy—Widgeon.

ALLINGTON HILL STAKES, at £4 4s. each.

Duke of Hamilton's b f *High Pearl*, by Peasant Boy—Dhu Law, beat Mr. W. H. Scott's ns (Mr. W. Gillig's) f w d *Bolanist*, by Abercrombie—Buttercup.

WILBRAHAM STAKES, at £4 4s. each.

Mr. H. T. Brunwin's f b *Foundling*, by Magnano—Playful, and Mr. R. Musk's ns (Mr. Kensy's) r w d *Henod*, by No No—Bess.

SIX-MILE BOTTOM STAKES, at £3 10s. each. 4 subs.

Mr. Colman's bk b p *Chevy Chase*, by Countryman—Dairy Lass, beat Mr. B. Gilpin's f w d *Go It*, by Countryman—Gossamer.

HARE PARK STAKES.

Mr. W. H. Scott's bd w d *Mendelssohn*, by Flute—Shade, beat Mr. H. T. Brunwin's bk d p *Flurry*, by Countryman—Precept.

BURWELL STAKES, at £3 10s. each.

FIRST ROUND (continued).

Mr. R. Musk's r w b *Hilda*, by Bethel—Empress, beat Mr. J. Hewing's f b *Nelly Brown*, by Pimple—Wave.

Mr. R. Musk's r w b *Hilda*, by Bethel—Empress, beat Mr. Howe's ns (Mr. Sleggs's) *Saltimbague*, by George Spotteloe or Geoffrey Saltaire—Lava.

THE WESTLEY STAKES.

Mr. C. Wood's f w b *Coronella*, by Gamelaw, dam by Gownsmen, bt Mr. D. Gilbert's r w b p *Fannette*, by Trustee—Saucebox 11.

Mr. V. Haime's bk w d *Sea King*, by Brigadier—Sea Beauty, beat Mr. C. Morbey's bk w b *Lady Pearl*, by Moses—Brigantine.

Mr. C. Wood's *Coronella* and Mr. V. Haime's *Sea King* divided.

Six courses were left over on Friday, and these, with another four-dog stake, did not (says the *Sportsman*) make the card a heavy one, but hares were even scarcer than on the previous day, and we could not afford to lose those that were started and got away, owing to the absence of any regular beaters. Six-Mile Bottom was far enough to have to journey, but fortunately the weather was favourable, though for the first hour a slight fog hung over the ground. After he had beaten Grace Grant so easily, as much as 2 to 1 was laid on Whistling Dick for the Newmarket Stakes, but he was handsomely beaten by Hic my Nannie, after a no course, in which both were run to a standstill. The dog was perhaps the most distressed, but as he had got off much lighter than the Duke of Hamilton's bitch on the other days odds were still betted on him. The next time he appeared rather stiff, and Hic my Nannie was a length clear to the hare, which she used several times when the favourite warmed up, and had just obtained possession when the bait was reached. They passed through, and had a long course afterwards, but Mr. Wentworth had decided in favour of the Duke of Hamilton's game daughter of Hawkshaw Pate and Caroline, who had on the previous day only averted defeat by Lynn Hoy through her stubbornness. "It never rains but it pours" was exemplified to-day, the Duke also taking the Allington Hill stakes with High Pearl, who is wonderfully clever, and with a little more speed would be a dangerous customer. Chevy Chase had a lot to do to wipe off the early points made by Go It in the Six-Mile Bottom Stakes, and Mendelssohn being in the humour, polished off Fleury any how in the Hare Park Stakes. Hilda created a surprise by beating Saltimbague in the Burwell Stakes, but she stayed the longer in a pumping course. Mr. Wentworth could not, of course, accomplish the task of pleasing everybody, but he judged satisfactorily, and R. J. Jeffreys's slipping was fair for a beginner.

*Apologies of the news of Lord Rosebery's approaching marriage, I believe I am correct in stating that Miss Hannah de Rothschild's fortune is estimated at three millions, and that it is settled on herself. After the death of her mother, the Baroness Meyer, she withdrew most, if not all, of her money from the house. Miss Hannah de Rothschild undertakes the entire management of Mentmore and her other property, and is said to be an admirable woman of business.—The World.*

DEATH OF DOWAGER LADY LURGAN.—We have to record the death of Jane Dowager Lady Lurgan, which happened on Sunday last at her residence at Toquay, aged 75. Her ladyship was the fourth daughter of the late Mr. Rodrick Macneil, of Barra, Inverness-shire, and was the second wife of Charles, first Lord Lurgan, whom she married in July, 1848, and by whom she had issue, Charles (the present peer), Colonel Hon. Edward Brownlow, and Hon. Clara, married to Mr. William Macdonald Macdonald, of St. Martin's, Perthshire.

APPEAL UNDER THE BETTING ACT.—On Saturday, at a Court of Quarter Sessions at Guildhall, before the Recorder and Alderman Finnis, Sir K. W. Carden and Sir Charles Whetham, the appeal Cox v. one of the Justices of the City of London was heard at some length. The case appeared to excite great interest, and the court was crowded. Mr. Poland and Mr. Mead (instructed by the City solicitor) were for the respondent; and Mr. Grain (instructed by Messrs T. B. and Sons) for the appellant. Mr. Cox is the proprietor of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* newspaper, and he was convicted a short time ago under the Betting Act, and fined £20, and this was the conviction now appealed against. Mr. Poland said this was a conviction under the Betting Act, which prohibits the giving of any information or advice with respect to bets or wagers on horse races. The offence charged against Mr. Cox was this. He was the proprietor and publisher of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, which came out on Fridays, and contained ordinary racing information, and on the following day he published a special "wire news," which was called the *Telegram*, containing later information. This was called a supplement of the paper, and was sold at one shilling, the price of the paper itself being twopenny. This "special information" was given by a person who signed himself "The Aristocratic Tout," and there was further information of a special character to be had by persons who sent half-a-crown. Mr. Poland contended that this was clearly a case in which the mischief was being done which was intended to be prevented by the statute. Mr. Grain, on the other hand, argued that it was only just the same sort of matter as appeared in other papers, and that there was nothing illegal in it. Mr. Cox merely gave information, but he did not make bets, nor did he assist any other persons in doing so in any way. All that was done was giving fair and bona fide information by a person who had had considerable experience in such matters. The Recorder said the Court was of opinion that the conviction was right, and must be confirmed, with costs, in the ordinary way. Mr. Grain asked for a case for the consideration of one of the superior Courts. Mr. Poland said there was really no power to state a case.

Mr. Peattie's address is  
2, Place Frédéric Sauvage,  
Boulogne-sur-Mer.—[ADVT.]



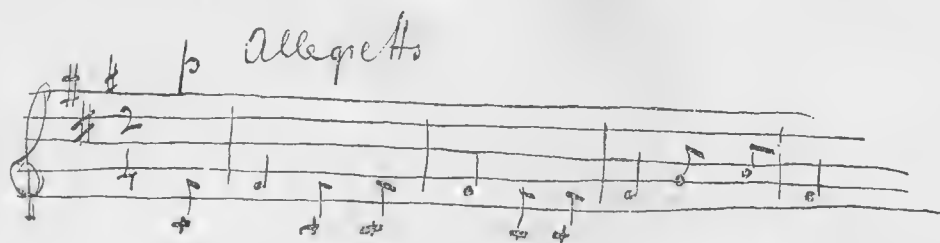
## WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

C. JEFFREYS, 67, Berners-street, W., has issued *L'Ombra*, price 10s., opera in 3 acts, with Italian and English words (the latter written by Gilbert à-Beckett) the music composed by Flotow. The publisher is to be thanked for the timely publication of this excellent and cheap edition of the popular opera by Flotow, which is to be produced this evening at Her Majesty's Opera. An account of the work will at the present moment be specially appropriate. *L'Ombra* was originally written for four solo vocalists, without chorus, but in deference to the wish of managers, one choral number has been added to each of the three acts. These additions have been skilfully made, and consist of an opening chorus of villagers, "Away to our homes," simple part song in C major 2-4 time; the opening Villagers' Chorus in Act II., "The solemn hour draws nigh," a dramatic and well-written number in E major 2-4 time; and a short chorus, "On these true hearts," sung behind the scenes to an organ accompaniment. The three choruses fit well into the opera, but may be omitted if necessary. The dramatis personæ are Fabrice (tenor), Dr. Mirouet (barytone), Vespina (soprano), and Gina (mezzo-soprano). After the chorus, No. 1, comes the duet for Mirouet and Vespina, "In truth I did but jest," a lively and effective number, with florid passages for the soprano. No. 3, the S. T. B. terzetto, "What! both of you beneath my roof?" contains two short solos for the tenor, and is effective though not strikingly original. No. 4, "When I mount my Cocotte," is a brisk and genial song in F 2-4 time for barytone. No. 5, "Hear my prayer," a pathetic romanza in G 2-4 time for mezzo-soprano or contralto, is flowing and graceful. No. 6, S. C. T. and B. quartett, "Approach, your places take," is one of the most important numbers in the opera. Commencing in D flat 2-4 time, it presents a second movement in common time, "O'er hill and dale," which is charming. This is followed by a "nightingale" aria for soprano in C common time, which leads to a repetition of the previous movement in D flat, with florid passages for the soprano, and the quartett concludes with a lively Bacchanalian movement in the original key. No. 7, the C. T. duet, "Thy gentle smile," in B major 3-4 time, afterwards modulating into G major and B minor, and finally returning to the original key, contains many melodious and effective passages, but is essentially dramatic, and forms the finale to Act I.

Act II. opens with No. 9, the "Village Chorus," which is melodious and well harmonised. No. 10, "Oh, scandal through the village flying," in D 2-4 time, with a final 3-8 movement, is a spirited and melodious aria for soprano. No. 11, "Let a wife be sweet and cheery," in F 2-4 time, is a brisk and tuneful though rather commonplace air for barytone. No. 12, "A word, my charming neighbour," in D 2-4 time, is full of variety, and contains a remarkably effective little passage, "Bride decked in her flowers." No. 13, "A fancy strange," in G 2-4 time, is a short air for mezzo-soprano, and forms part of the effective scene in which the plot of the opera is unfolded. No. 14, "What strange, what wondrous emotion," C. T.



MR. ALFRED CELLIER.



O Caspian, O Caspian, tho' gloomy the wave.

Alfred Cellier.

duet in E flat, common time, with modulations into various keys, is highly dramatic, and contains many strikingly melodious passages. No. 15, "Marriage my dear," D flat 2-4 time, is a characteristic but commonplace air for soprano. No. 16, "All is silent," C. T. duet in G 2-4 time, is chiefly remarkable for its appropriateness to the dramatic situation, but contains a passage, "In prayer her head is bending," in C 9-8 time, which is charmingly pathetic.

Act III. opens with No. 18, "How sweet to think," a S. C. nocturne in D 3-8 time, graceful and melodious, and likely to become popular in private circles as well as on the stage. No. 19, "Bright mid-day hour," B flat 2-4 time, "Andante," is a well-written song for barytone. No. 20, "The old clock shall be silent," is a varied and dramatically effective scene. No. 21, "Gentle angel," in D flat, common time, is a melodious and pathetic air for the tenor. No. 22, "My child, upon this happy morn," A flat, common time, S. C. T. trio, is one of the best numbers in the opera. The concluding tutti passage, "Hark to the sweet, clear, silver ring," is specially delightful, and this trio will be a welcome addition to the scanty list of S. C. T. trios. No. 22A is the chorus, "On these true hearts," A flat, common time, before mentioned. No. 23, "One true friend," E flat, 9-8 time, is a melodious and sympathetic air for barytone. No. 24, "Gina, to my arms," in E, common time, with a C. T. episode in D flat, 3-4 time, and a final movement in 6-8 time for S. C. and T., is admirably written, full of melody, and dramatically effective. No. 25, the short "Finale," concludes with a repetition of the quartett, "Hark to the sweet, clear, silver ring."

*L'Ombra*, or *The Phantom* as it is entitled in the English version, must be heard on the operatic stage before its merits can be fully appreciated; but so far as an examination of the piano-forte score may justify the expression of an opinion, we feel little hesitation in saying that although it contains no such melodies as those which made the fortune of the composer's *Martha*, it is a work which is worthy of his reputation. The English libretto, by Mr. Gilbert à-Beckett, is, on the whole, well written; but in some instances the Italian words have apparently been misunderstood, and the dramatic effect is consequently injured. It is also unfortunate that Mr. à-Beckett has, in numberless instances, placed unimportant particles, such as "of," "the," &c. &c., at the commencement of the bar, a defect which might have been avoided, if he had sought the aid of any person acquainted with the laws of musical accent. The music is admirably engrossed and printed, and the volume, with its 327 pages—in which are included the bright overture and two *intermezzi*—should find a place in the library of every amateur.

THE annual show of pigeons exhibited by the members of the National Peristeric Society was opened on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace. It was a remarkably good collection of nearly 1,000 fine birds, which were sent not to win prizes, for none were offered, but in order that the fanciers should have an opportunity of comparing their progress.



SCENES FROM FAMOUS PLAYS AND OPERAS.—No. 15. "MAYNON."



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THE only thing one can recognise as familiar, on entering the Grecian Theatre now, is the peculiar odour of human beings and oranges. It is well that even this is left to the "Grecians," for without it I verily believe they would have pined away. Mr. Conquest has dragged them out of a dirty old theatre that was



*An ancient coin found during excavations at the old Grecian theatre*

too small for them, and put them into a clean new one, that is too big. It's a wonder the man had not the audacity to take Miss Victor's name out of the bills, and substitute some chit of a thing, barely turned thirty, in her place. But no—he would no more venture to make greater changes in this way, than he dare drag from the audience the perspiration of their happiness, or their orange peel. No doubt Mr. Conquest has achieved



*Mr. Herbert Campbell as a ghost*

mmense things in the building of a new Grecian Theatre, and it would be a really handsome house, if there happened to be some little congruity in the decorations—if the blue satin panels did not clash so much with the festoons of crimson satin above them, and trifles of that de-



*Mr. Harry Nicholls as a desperate man*

scription; but I think he has robbed the Maidens and Swains of the City Road cruelly, in knocking down their favourite hall of dazzling light and intoxicating music. Nay, I warrant me, farther than the City Road is the cruelty felt. I am confident beings more directly captious than I could say here have been murmured even in the heart of Petticoat Lane against "George's" atrocities. I could not help noticing the despondent looks and attitudes of the emaciated beings who keep the galvanic batteries and try-your-strength machines in the "gardens" of the theatre (by the way, why do people who keep engines of health in places



of this description always look so confoundedly invalided?). The reason of their despondency is easily discerned. There are no young couples wandering in the balmy air of "the gardens" between the snatches of the delirious dance, therefore no proud cavalier displays to his lady love his strength of arm against the cushioned stomach of the wooden Dutchman or Hindoo—and no anxious youth with trepidation steadies his nerves with a galvanic shock before popping the question of all-absorbing interest to the glorious creature that has "walked out" with him from Canonbury. Mr. Conquest may supply dancing platforms by the score as recompense, but his new theatre has swallowed up the old dancing hall and the sweet Auburn of the flower-maker, and the orange merchant has been most confoundedly tampered with!

*Roley Poley* is the pantomime, written and invented by Messrs. G. Conquest and H. Spry this year—"as usual," the bill quaintly puts it, and it is as usual. There are the same young people climbing up mountains of silver splendour and descending into grottos of golden gorgeousness through many scenes,



pursuing a demon, or pursued by him, it matters little which, for we all know as well as Mr. Conquest himself that before the grand transformation scene "The Pearly Palace in Diana's Starry Home," is revealed, Mr. Conquest, junior, will get rid of his giant costume, and hunt Papa up and down spring



*Latest phase of Conquests in juvenility*

traps with the most careful attention to the non-catching of him. Last year the "phantom fight" was for a lady's heart, locked in a crystal casket. This year it is for an enchanted umbrella. Let us hope next it will *not* be for a broken neck. We also know that there will be a supper scene, in which Mr. Campbell and



Mr. Nicholls will have a row over a trick table or two and finally go to bed and look for insects, and delight the majority of the audience with exhibitions of domestic discomfort, that must be painfully true, to judge from the shrieks of laughter and applause: and that Miss Victor will be the same wild untamable thing, dancing and singing all over the place. Mr. Conquest knows that everybody must go and see his wonderful mechanical contrivances of bird and man, and doubtless it doesn't trouble him much that the general show is a repetition of the past. This I think a pity, for the capabilities of his ingenuity is so great, that he could strike, with originality of treatment, a pantomime that would be as impossible to other houses as his monster heads and birds are to other performers. The huge parrot which Mr. Conquest performs this year is most entertaining, but why not have paid more attention to appearances? If he had copied a splendid white cockatoo, with its red eyes and yellow crest, and arranged a tropical scene, with say, a ballet of birds round him, he could have gained considerable effect. Mr. Herbert Campbell plays a ghost with much loud humour, which is as much part of his personality as his heartiness. Mr. Harry Nicholls is a "desperate man" this year, which is much better than kicking his heels in petticoats; he is too good a comedian for such parts. He sang what seemed to be a good song, about being "a simple ickle sing," but it was pitched so low for him that I could not catch many of the lines. I did not wait for the comic business, as I discerned a very fat Harlequin at the side wings, and dreaded his dancing. I regret not seeing Mr. Inch as clown, as one bearing the name of Reuben must be refreshing in such a part.

## REVIEWS.

*Every Man His Own Horse Doctor* (Frederick Warne and Co.)—The basis of this altogether admirable work is Blaine's Veterinary Art, a book of reference in horse matters which has long enjoyed a deservedly high reputation. Mr. George Armata, M.R.C.V.S. (author of "Every Man His Own Cattle Doctor"), who is responsible for "Blaine" in its present shape, has, so far as we have been able to judge, performed his task in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. He has fairly accomplished his aim, which was, as he himself states, "to furnish a means of ready reference to the professional and general reader, on the treatment and prevention of horse diseases. Progress in the study of equine diseases—leading up to the entire subversion of former errors, discoveries of new truths, and confirmation of others already held as tenable—has been remarkable, and the gratifying result that veterinary science in Britain was never in such an advanced position." In this work "an attempt has been made to arrange and present an outline of the most important information on the subject, and, as far as possible, in keeping with the present state of progress in the Veterinary Art." The book, which is handsomely printed, well-bound, and copiously illustrated, consists of 830 pages. It is divided into fourteen sections, in which, under the following headings, every subject within the large scope of the work is dealt with: The Blood; Blood Diseases; Sporadic or General Diseases; Diseases of the Respiratory Organs; Diseases of the Organs of Circulation; Diseases of the Organs of Digestion; Diseases of the Urinary Organs; Diseases of the Organs of Generation; Diseases of the Eyes and their Appendages; Diseases of the Nervous System; Diseases of the Skin and its Appendages; Local Injuries; Lameness, &c.; Poisons; The Dispensary. The illustrations comprise thirteen plates, two of which are coloured, and upwards of 300 wood engravings. We think we have said enough to convince horse-keepers and horse-breeders that, *Every Man his own Horse Doctor* deserves an honoured and conspicuous place in their libraries of books of reference.

*Gold*: by EDWIN W. STREETER. (Chapman and Hall.) Most of our readers will probably be aware that this unique little work, the full title of which is, *Gold: Legal Regulations for the Standard of Gold and Silver Wares in different Countries of the World*, consists of an abridged translation of Studnitz's book, with notes and additions by Mr. Streeter. The edition before us is the second, the first "consisting of the very unusual number of 4000 copies having been sold almost as soon as published," a result "the editor deems it but right to attribute to the patronage which *Gold* received from the Board of Trade, whose early approval has much hastened the production of a second edition." Mr. Streeter's notes, which are weighted with all the authority of a name distinguished in the trade he assisted to make so famous in this country, have been carefully brought up to date, and are therefore of present value to the student of the ever-important subject discussed. The work contains a chart of the world, showing where gold is found, and a coloured plate representing a nugget of gold, scales of gold, scales of platinum, a piece of capillary silver, a nugget of platinum, and a bit of cinnabar. The richness and fidelity of this "bit of still life" are marvellous, and it is a rare example of colour printing.

*Mirth* (Tinsley Brothers), for January, is excellent. There is a delightful flavour of quaintness about Mr. Albery's paper, "A Ruined Child; or, a Sister of Intemperance," and Mr. Sala's "Didactic Village" is a humorous invention which could have emanated from no other brain but his. We will not spoil the pleasure of the reader by describing Jawthorpe. Mr. J. Ashby Sterry is represented by "A Nautical Drama in Four Acts and Eight Lines," which we beg leave to quote:—

ACT I.  
Upon the cabin stairs we met—  
The voyage was nearly over;

ACT II.  
You leant upon his arm, my pet,  
From Calais unto Dover!

ACT III.  
And he is looking very glad,  
Tho' I am feeling sadder—

ACT IV.  
That I'm not your companion—lad  
On that companion—ladder!

Mr. Byron's verses are amongst the brightest patter-lines he has written, and funny withal. Perhaps the most amusing paper in the number, read between the lines, is Mr. Godfrey Turner's "Little Lunch in Great Grub-street." If we recollect aright, the late W. B. B. Stevens used the same hostelry as a theme for one of his "Man in the Street" papers, but he treated it, as the cookery-books have it, "another way." *Mirth* improves.—*Tinsley's Magazine* for January bears evidence throughout of having entered upon a fresh lease of lusty life. "Vere of Ours, the Eighth or King's," a novel, by James Grant, opens with much spirit "In the Lines of the First Brigade." Does not this thrill with the sort of promise which readers of a military novel by a master-hand know so well how to appreciate? "Half-past nine at Aldershot on a dull January evening. From Gun Hill the twenty-four pounder had pealed its warning boom away over the far-stretching lines of huts, which"—for the continuation, we refer the reader to the magazine itself. There is a severe paper on "Newspaper 'Critics,' and 'Criticism,'" which is deserving of perusal. We doubt, however, whether it will meet with the approval of the writers, who are so unpromisingly assailed. Note the concluding passage, and take it for what it really is, a fair sample of the rest.

It is "the same old game" in every critical department of a newspaper—with the "art" "criticism" as with the dramatic, musical, and literary "criticism." Incompetence and bad faith: these are the qualities which are most highly valued and most frequently put into activity. In fact, if I had the question put to me, "Who are the critics?" I should not answer, as the man does in *Lolhair*, "They are the men who failed in literature and art;" I should rather be inclined to say that they are the men who not only know nothing, but care nothing about either. Or, if it is too strong a

thing to say that they know nothing, it is certainly not too strong a thing to say, that in most instances they know only just enough to mislead themselves and to confuse the public, crowning their partial knowledge by an amount of prejudice which renders that partial knowledge infinitely more injurious than absolute ignorance. In fact the "criticism" of the newspaper press is in a condition which calls for indignant complaint on the part of the public, and immediate reformation on the part of those who are concerned in its production.

The two short stories, "Sunshine and Shade," and "Cupid at Sea," respectively by F. Garrett and Ernest Cuthbert, are distinctly meritorious in their different styles. The verse in the number is pleasant, and almost poetry, and a paper by S. Waddington, on Arthur Hugh Clough a poet, who died too young, is remarkable for its fine appreciation of the singer's genius.

MR. HOWARD PAUL and his clever company of singers and entertainers have been performing at the Yarmouth Aquarium to crowded houses during the past week. This establishment is now in the full tide of success, and is admirably managed. The managing director ("The Major") and his handsome secretary are men of progress and ideas.

THE London Athletic Club held their annual meeting at the Guildhall Tavern, Gresham-street, E.C., on Wednesday evening. Mr. J. B. Martin (vice-president) was voted to the chair, and there was a good attendance. The minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, Mr. W. Waddell read the annual report of the committee, which was of a very fairly satisfactory character, and stated that the ninth annual assault of arms at St. James's Hall had realised £143 19s. 9d. The treasurer's account showed that the income of the year had been £1,251 1s. 8d., and the expenditure £1,447 15s. 4d., involving a deficiency of £196 13s. 8d. As a set-off against this, however, the committee had assets in the shape of challenge cups presented previous to 1877, £125; ditto in 1877, £35; balance being surplus last year, £191 0s. 4d. This left a surplus for 1878 of £154 6s. 8d. The club then proceeded to elect its officers as follows:—Messrs. J. B. Martin, G. P. Rogers, and J. Waddell were re-elected vice-presidents, and Mr. R. H. Nunn was elected a vice president, Mr. J. Waddell was re-elected treasurer, and Mr. W. Waddell hon. sec.

MALTA, the finishing school, as it were, for the greater operatic stages of Europe, according to Aristarchus, the *Whitehall Review* has had the floodgates of new *prime donne* opened upon her, and is now suffering from such *embarras de richesses* in this article that there is a *début* almost every other evening. Perhaps the most successful of the *débutantes* has been Miss Speranza Glenn, an American lady. Born of Puritan parents in New England, she came to the stage bearing the Christian name of "Hopeful." So simple an appellation would not, of course, answer on the operatic stage, and consequently it was very neatly Italianised into its present form. Another *prima donna* is Mathilde d'Enrici, who, though affected with most painful nervousness on her first appearance in "La Traviata," has eventually turned out to be possessed of the germs of histrionic ability. Her voice is her chief charm, however, and will, undoubtedly, rescue her from the bitter lot of oblivion and neglect. Dotte and Altemberg are two others of the Malta troupe who have proved immense favourites; whilst a fifth *prima donna* is shortly expected to appear in *Faust*, and is said to have been sent to Malta by Mr. Gye for the express purpose of training for a *début* at Covent Garden. To cap all, a second American artiste came out on the 13th inst., Valde by name, and was received with open arms by the crew of a Yankee man-of-war which happened to be in harbour at Valetta. The Governor of the island, I may add, is most indefatigable in his attendance at the Opera House, and has only, I am told, absented himself two nights since the opening of the season seven weeks ago.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

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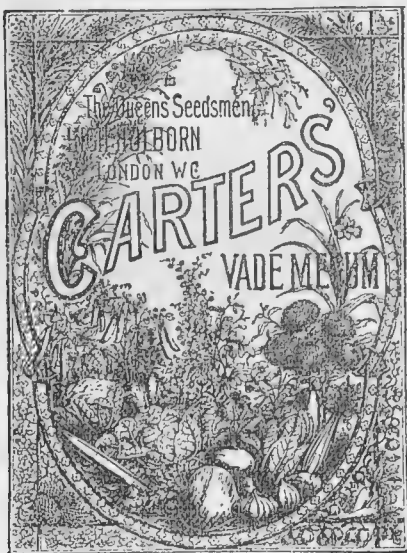
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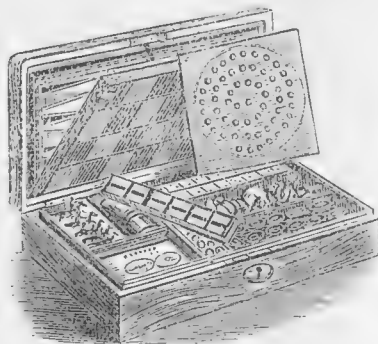
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**MESSRS. W. and STEWART FREEMAN,** Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION (without reserve), on SATURDAY, Jan. 19, 1878, at 1 o'clock precisely.

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Bred expressly for public sale by Mr. R. Clementson. They are bred as follows from:  
Gone—Got the Jumps. Countryman—Gezebel.  
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## A COUNTER-IRRITANT.\*

BEING OUR STORY—HIS STORY—AND HER STORY—TOLD IN  
ALTERNATE CHAPTERS.

By A. H. WALL.

## CHAPTER V.

HIS STORY (CONTINUED.)

I reached this out-of-the-way old sea-side town at last, drenched with rain and covered with mud. The narrow, irregular little streets were utterly deserted and every house was closed. The rain had ceased, but the wind was sharper and colder, and I shivered miserably as I paused to think about my position, and arrange some course of action. It was of no use. The mad frenzy which had whirled me away from a comfortable home, amongst kindly companions and friends, to wander homeless and friendless amongst strangers, a solitary moneyless vagrant, was still upon me—I could only think of her.

These stars must stand for much that I don't now care to dwell upon. The evening of the second day after my journey was drawing to a close, dull and grey, when I found myself far away from that watering-place—I knew not where—sitting on a rugged chalk embankment, with a great, swampy hollow between me and the broad sands on which the sea was heavily breaking. I had not slept in a bed since I left London. I had asked for work and failed to obtain it. To beg I was ashamed. I was calmest when alone, and at length began almost to dread the appearance of a fellow-creature. I knew that I was famishing, that I soon should die for want of food and shelter if no change came, but I only thanked God that in quitting life, I should fill no loving heart with misery, bring tears to no sad eyes. Where or when I died not a soul who had heard my name would ever learn.

As I sulked every feature of the scene comes back to me. To my right stood a small, lone cottage built of sea cobbles, with a sandy garden in its front and a plot for potatoes and cabbages behind. A woman and child were at work outside the little front door mending nets, and the husband was looking after a sandy field beyond, in which a crop of something would sometimes, I supposed, make-belief in a feeble, irregular way, to grow. Poor people these—struggling hard for their hard living, and miserable enough I had no doubt; but it is easier to fight foes without than foes within—how I envied them!

Far away at sea a lighthouse peered out at me through the gathering gloom and creeping haze. The white wings of a few sea birds flashed out here and there along the coast, and swarthy flocks. I sauntered up to the cottage and began to talk to the wife, who had been eyeing me curiously for some little time: the husband joined us. I asked them to sell me some bread and cheese, with a draught of beer. They had no beer, but I was made welcome to a coarse slice of bread and a little piece of hard cheese—the poorest I ever tasted. “It ‘war’ a wild place out there, not often visited by strangers. I must have found it ‘verra’ rough walking,” said the woman, a kindly creature with a sympathetic tone in her cheerful and not unmusical voice. She would have “noen o’ my brass” in payment for her bread and cheese, and the husband was curious to know where I was going to. As I did not myself know, the information obtained was unsatisfactory, and he gave me a compassionate glance as I looked forward over the desolate waste of sand, patched here and there with reed-like grass. He pointed to some rising clouds, which, he thought, betokened a stormy night, and pressed me to accept a night’s shelter; but having only a few pence remaining of my coward’s one and sixpence, I gratefully declined.

It was nearly dark, and dead low water, when stiff, footsore, and sleepy, I once more sat down to rest on a wild beach, rugged with water-worn boulders and lumps of chalk; when the uncertain light was just enough to show the dark hollows and mouths of caverns and gullies in the lofty cliffs. In the farthest corner of one of the deepest and smallest of these caverns, I curled myself up to sleep where the sand was so hard and dry that I knew it to be beyond the reach of the tide. Dimly, as in a dream, I saw through the gloom the fantastic buttresses and broken column-like fragments of the cave, and heard the slow drip, drip of water through some secret crevice, and then oblivion fell upon my senses. If there was a storm that night I knew nothing about it.

That was a glorious sight which met me in the morning when I crept wearily down to the mouth of my cave, the walls of which, streaked with green and yellow, were glistening as if varnished, in the rosy glow of a delicious sunrise. I stood for some time dreamily admiring it; poking my stick about in a belt of shelly incrustation and broad brown fringe of sea-weed, uncertain what to do, wondering how long I should wait, and how far, and in which direction, I should walk, before I could purchase bread to serve me for a breakfast. Hunger was the fiercest, best, part of my terrible counter-irritant, in which, however, I was losing faith. The time when I could safely return to London seemed farther away, and I determined that when it came—if it ever should come—I must never see her nor him again, never! That I could never bear!

Faint with want and feeble with fatigue, I struggled on until it was past noon, until I came to a part of the coast where the ridges were like flights of irregular stairs, over which I strode and scrambled slowly, with difficulty, and with many a pause to recover strength and breath, until at length I espied fishing boats, nets, and lobster-pots, heaps of ballast, and the smoke of a fire. Presently, eyed with compassionate curiosity although hailed with jests and laughter, I was sitting upon a pile of fishy refuse, with Flamborough visible in the distance, amongst a group of sturdy men and brown-faced, bare-armed women, scarcely able to move, imploring them, with a feeble voice, for God’s sake to give me something to eat, and quickly!

## CHAPTER VI.

OUR STORY RESUMED.

IN a snug, comfortably furnished apartment, which was neither drawing nor dining room, but looked a little like either, over a good fire and steaming glasses of grog, Mr. Freind and his bacheloreditor had long been engaged in solemn consultation about certain papers, consisting firstly of a letter directed to her friend Mary, by Miss Pendarvis; and secondly, of papers which were discovered that morning, half burnt, in the grate of a room recently occupied by poor Jack Hughes, papers which were evidently portions of a diary. By comparing these things, our friends had discovered two great secrets, which have already been made known to the reader.

“We must not allow these foolish young people to sacrifice their future happiness in this way,” said Mr. Limberly: “your daughter must undertake the task of enlightening Miss Pendarvis, while I try to discover poor Jack’s whereabouts—confound his stupidity!—and, in the same way, enlighten him.”

“While I,” continued Mr. Freind hopefully, as he rose to depart, “will see young Robinson on the subject, and if necessary my warlike old gossip, the Major. Depend upon it, in one way or another, we shall soon contrive to put these things straight.”

\* Continued from page 393.

“I hope so, with all my heart!” responded the editor, as he rose to grasp and heartily shake the hand of his departing friend and contributor, who was now doing work for Jack in a way that Jack had never contemplated.

Robinson listened to the story, which Freind told him, quietly, but seemed deeply affected. He was not a little incredulous as to the secret love of Miss Pendarvis for “poor dear Jack,” of whom he spoke feelingly, dwelling upon the intensity of his sympathy for him, saying he now perfectly understood why Jack had been so angry and quarrelsome, and could readily forgive him. But where was he? Freind replied, and Robinson seemed somewhat relieved to find that Hughes had suddenly left London; but finally he promised to see Miss Pendarvis, by whom he must, of course, be mainly guided. The worst of it was that his coming marriage had been so much talked about, it had even got into the papers, people would laugh at him. Freind concluded that if this was “the worst of it,” the worst was a long way from being so bad as he had fancied it might be.

Miss Pendarvis listened to Mary Freind’s story with breathless eagerness, her face alternately flushed and pale, her hands tightly clasped, her bosom wildly heaving. Mr. Hughes was her hero, her saint, worshipped from afar; she never dreamed of this, it filled her heart almost to bursting. And then came grief and terror. It would break poor Arthur’s heart, it would kill him, he was so devotedly fond of her; so good, so clever, so amiable. Whatever should, whatever could, she do?

The upshot of Arthur Robinson’s interview with Miss Pendarvis on the subject of their marriage was its being deferred for, at least, some months.

Advertisements of various kinds, all addressed to Mr. John Hughes, and inserted in several of the London and provincial papers had brought no reply. Weeks went by, October was succeeded by November, and December commenced, still not a trace of where Jack Hughes had gone to could be discovered. Other advertisements were drawn up for the Australian and American papers. Robinson sorrowed for his friend, but tried hard to believe that he was not the kind of man to be lastingly affected by mere love sickness.

“Look at me,” he would say to Freind. “I am a much more impressionable fellow than Jack ever was. I’ve been in love with many a pretty girl—over head and ears—but even I was never fool enough to break my heart for a woman’s sake. Your friend the editor’s an imaginative enthusiast, I know. As soon as Ellen has got over this disappointment her heart will once more turn to mine, and we shall be one of the most affectionate young couples in the kingdom. Jack’s all right enough. He’s got into some out-of-the-way nook or another, that’s all. I’m quite sure of it!”

“I’ll not say that you’re wrong,” Freind would reply, “but I suspect strongly that he who says he has loved many has never loved one, and your estimate of the editor is a mistaken one. Although he has strong feelings and affections, he never suffers his heart to govern his head. He is a far-seeing, thoughtful, and carefully-observant old man, and he feels sure that poor Jack went away in a state of desperation, with some very wild and dangerous ideas about him.”

But Robinson only shook his head and smiled, saying, “He don’t know Jack Hughes as well as I do, Freind—we were school-fellows. Jack’s mind had always a giant-like strength. He’s as hard as nails, and then you know

“They  
Conquer love who run away.”

“Yet when a young man he was intimate with Jack’s father, and knew Jack when he was a boy at school.” Robinson only smiled and again shook his head.

As for Miss Pendarvis, her position was a bitter and cruel one. She had determined to be true to a lover who had never wooed her at the cost of cruelty to one who had offered her his hand. She grew more and more uneasy and anxious about Mr. Hughes as days and weeks crept by. She was full of strange fancies about him, had terrible dreams about him, grew pale, despairing, melancholy, and listless. The Major, perceiving that her health was seriously affected, consulted his doctor, who advised that she should be sent to Scarborough for a few weeks, so to Scarborough the Major took her and also her favourite companion, Mary Freind, to whom on the day of their departure Ellen said, mournfully:

“I do hope that I shall not die until he is found, Mary; although you know, darling, I have had little faith in the possibility of seeing him again ever since I dreamed that awful dream. Something seems to be constantly whispering to me that he is dead;” and she added in a lower tone with wistful tenderness, “if my last words could be breathed with my head upon his breast and my arms about his neck, death would be almost pangless!”

In a handsome house upon the stately esplanade at Scarborough, looking out upon the broad, restlessly-heaving sea, the windows of which overlooked the well-kept roads, the famous spa, and the garden slopes descending to the beach, Major Pendarvis, Miss Freind, and his daughter, found very comfortable apartments.

Arthur followed them some days after, and with a professional purpose in view, took up his abode for a time at Coughton, where he lodged with one John Poad. But he was more often in Scarborough with Ellen and his sketch book, than at Coughton with easel and palette.

Major Pendarvis knew nothing of his daughter’s love affairs. He had accepted Arthur Robinson for a son in law very readily, for he was a rising and well-to-do young man; but John Hughes was poor, with a reputation for laziness, and there were jokes extant about Jack’s careless indifference about money affairs, which the Major had heard, and which, altho’ he liked Jack, would hardly commend him to the Major’s favourable consideration as a son-in-law. But the sad love story reached his ears at last—Mary Freind best knew how—and the old man’s heart melted at it. He went over to Coughton early on the following morning, and had a long conversation with Arthur about Jack Hughes, at the termination of which, he said with a determined air, which was almost fierce in its intensity:—

“There has been a mistake here, my boy, and we must set it right between us. I want you to give me some clue which will enable me to discover Jack Hughes. When Nelly was quite a child she had everything she cried for. It wasn’t always good for her to do so, but she did, I couldn’t bear to see her crying; and, by —, sir, do you think now that she is almost a woman, the sole treasure of a poor old soldier’s heart, the living image of what her dear mother was when I first fell in love with her, that I, who couldn’t bear to see her crying, can bear to see her dying for want of something she has set her heart upon. No, sir! by —, sir, no! Don’t remonstrate with me or be bitter about it, Arthur, for my mind is made up, and if Jack Hughes is in the land of the living, sir! I’ll find him! And when I have got him, by —, sir! whatever you or any other man may say to the contrary, by —, sir, he is the man who shall marry my daughter.”

The Major’s clenched fist smote the table, and the poor old veteran was quivering with sudden excitement, as with tears in his eyes, he thus proclaimed his resolute intention.

“Who told you that she loved him?” asked Robinson, tremulously, and with a pale face.

“One of the best-hearted and cleverest little women in the world, sir. She found out the real ailment, that puzzled my

doctor, sir. She had the pluck, sir, to let me know the truth. By —, sir. I honour her!”

Robinson was silent; he thought the Major knew more than he did, and accepted his last remark as a rebuke which his selfishness more than deserved.

After a pause he said frankly. “Of all this trouble I have unconsciously and innocently been the cause. I loved Ellen dearly. I would love her dearly all my life, if I might, but fate is against me? If Jack’s presence is to save her precious life, and Jack can be found, I’ll find him! Let us visit every place with which he has at any time been associated—they are few, and I know all of them—beginning with that where he was born, in Lincolnshire. There are relatives of his still living there.”

The old man clasped Arthur’s hand warmly with a deep heart-felt “God bless you, my noble-hearted boy, God bless you! If you are not to be my son you always shall be the dearest of my best valued friends! God bless you! We’ll start early to-morrow morning—not an hour later!”

When Miss Pendarvis heard the news she determined that she would accompany them. It so happened that a coasting vessel bound for Great Grimsby, had put into Scarborough. They could go by sea, and the passage would do her good.

“If she remains behind,” said Mary, “she is so full of eager impatience, dread and anxiety, that it would be better she should go,” and so Ellen once more had her own way.

The morning on which they started was a brilliant one, and for the time of year wonderfully mild. The prospect from the sea was most enjoyable. A succession of undulating cliffs, varying constantly in form and colour, with projecting headlands and sheltering bays in abundance. Beyond them were bleak moorlands and stunted patches of woodland, wild heaths and sweeping hills and dales, picturesquely blending to form a most impressive panorama of vastness and space, indescribable in words, but felt in the heart, and long to be retained in the memory.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## MR. ALFRED CELLIER.

MR. ALFRED CELLIER, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, occupies a prominent position among the young composers to whom we look for the maintenance of our position as the most musical country in the world. As we have frequently had occasion to observe, England is the only civilised country in which music receives no aid from the State, and the enormous sums which are expended on musical performances and on music in this country are furnished by the voluntary good-will of the people. For reasons which we need not at this moment discuss, we are behind the rest of the musical world in one important department of music. We have no national opera. Yet our young composers, emulating the examples set before them by the veterans Barnett and Macfarren, to say nothing of departed composers, such as Balfe, Loder and Wallace have shewn themselves capable of writing excellent operas, and Mr. Alfred Cellier has been one of the most successful. His opera, *The Sultan of Mocha*, had a run of over fifty nights at the Prince’s Theatre, Manchester, and was warmly praised by the musical critics of London when produced subsequently at the St. James’s Theatre, although not strongly cast. This was followed by his successful three-act operas, *The Tower of London*, and *Nell Gwynne*, and he has produced for Mrs. German Reed the operetta, *Charity begins at home* (which ran 200 nights) and *The Foster Brothers*, and for the opera company at the Opera Comique *Dora’s Dream*, which has been played every night since the beginning of the season, and is—so far as the music is concerned—one of the highest and most melodious pieces heard in London for a long time past. A few days hence we shall have the pleasure of hearing another operetta, in which Mr. Cellier has the advantage of Mr. Albery’s collaboration as librettist, and this will be followed by a new three-act comic opera.

Our musical readers will be glad to learn some biographical particulars respecting this gifted composer. Although born in England (in the year 1844), he is of French origin, his father being a native of Normandy. Educated as a chorister at H. M. Chapel Royal, at the same period as Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and trained for the musical profession by Sir George Smart, and the late Mr. Cooper, of St. Paul’s Cathedral; he was thoroughly grounded in the principles and practice of his art, and at the age of twenty-one was appointed organist at the Ulster Hall, Belfast, and conductor of the Belfast Philharmonic Society. He subsequently became organist at St. Alban’s, Holborn, and in the three years during which he held that post, produced a number of important works,—amongst them Schubert’s Grand Mass in E flat with full orchestra, which had never before been heard in England. In 1873 he was appointed conductor and musical director at the Prince’s Theatre, Manchester, where his three comic operas, above mentioned, were produced. Mr. Cellier has also written a number of church compositions, part songs, ballads, &c., and his pianoforte pieces, published in Paris, are highly esteemed by French musicians. As we recently announced, he is engaged in setting Gray’s celebrated “Elegy in a Country Churchyard” to music, as a cantata; and an orchestral symphony from his pen will be produced at the Brighton Festival next month. It will be seen that Mr. Cellier is industrious; but in his case fertility is not associated with weakness or carelessness. Every page of his music commands respect from musicians who are able to appreciate sterling and conscientious workmanship, while amateurs are unfailingly delighted by the grace and originality of his melodies, and the varied charms of his orchestration. He has honourably won his spurs in contest with many able contemporaries, and should a fitting and permanent home be found for English Opera, few English composers will be found so capable of adorning it as Mr. Alfred Cellier.

At the City Quarter Sessions, on Saturday (Mr. Alderman Finnis in the chair), a petition of poulterers and others was read. It stated:—“The early commencement of close time under the said Act is very injurious to decoymen and fishermen, and it needlessly interferes with the interest and amusement of others who take migrant birds. The effect of the early ending of close time is also to defeat the object of the said Act, which is to increase the numbers of the home-breeding birds. For these reasons the justices of many counties in quarter sessions assembled have applied as required by the said Act to the Home Office, to vary the close time; and such applications have been complied with, and orders made thereon, by the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Such orders having been made for the adjoining counties to the city of London, of Essex and Kent, making the close time for those counties to extend from the 15th day of March up to and inclusive of the 1st day of August in each year. Under the said Act therefore the sale of wild fowl, foreign as well as British, will be closed in the city of London one month earlier than in the neighbouring counties of Essex and Kent. This injustice to dealers and consumers can, unless by a fresh Act of Parliament, be prevented only by varying the close time for this city.” The petition was spoken to by Mr. J. R. Taylor, and referred to a commission of justices.

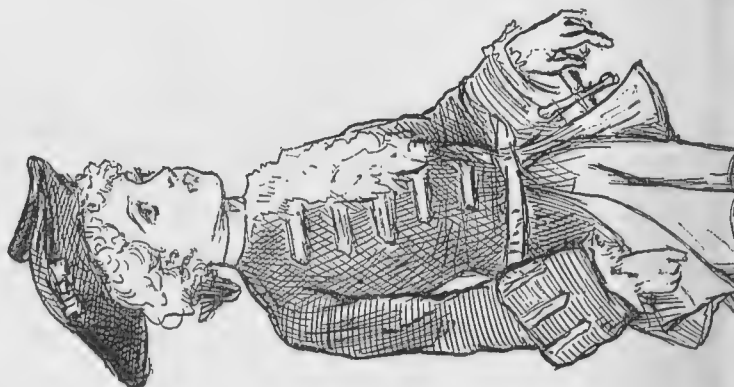
CHILBLAINS.—Instant relief and cure by using “Dredge’s Heal All.” Of all chemists, 1s. 1½d. a bottle.—[Adv’t.]



# Riches of the Golden Gate Aquarium.



Little Red-riding-hood



Representative of the House  
of Commons



Mr. M.C.

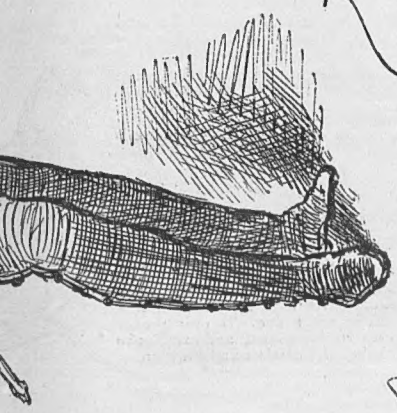


Toby, go!



Mr. Pearson





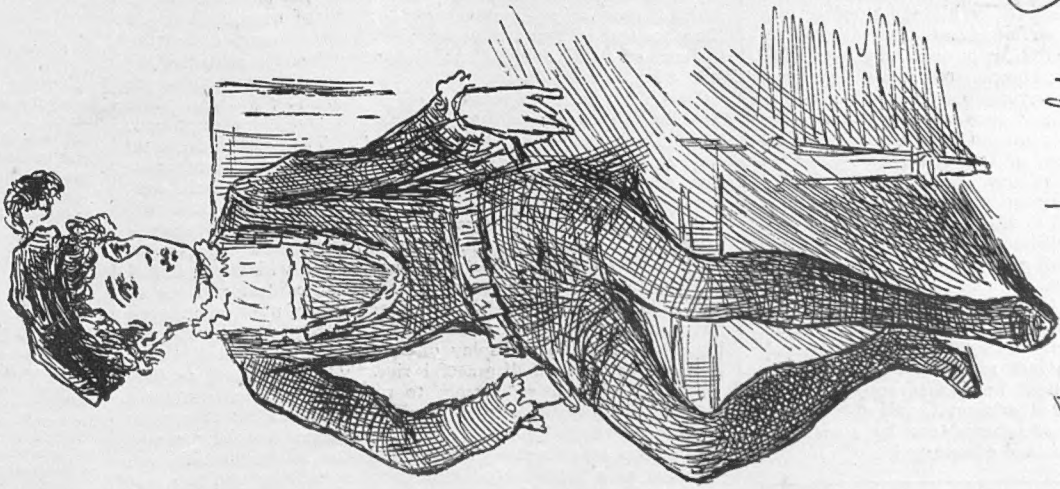
A good make up



A pretty little hair

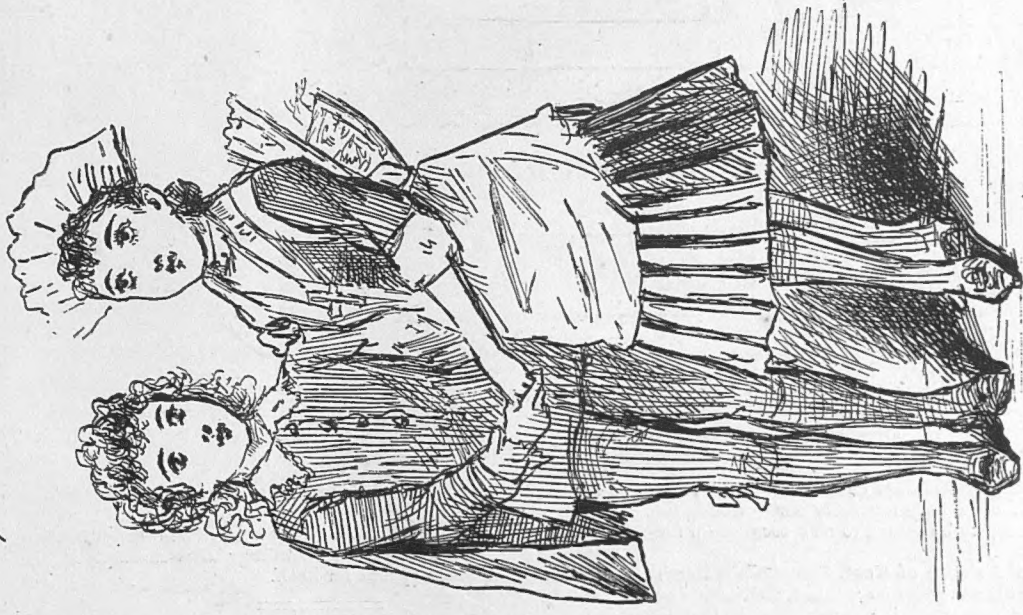


A down for my wife's

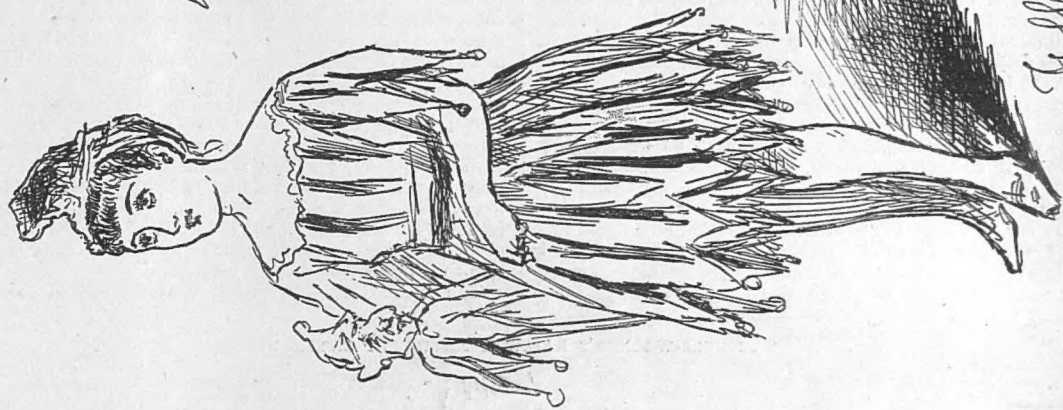


A young lady

Princess Two

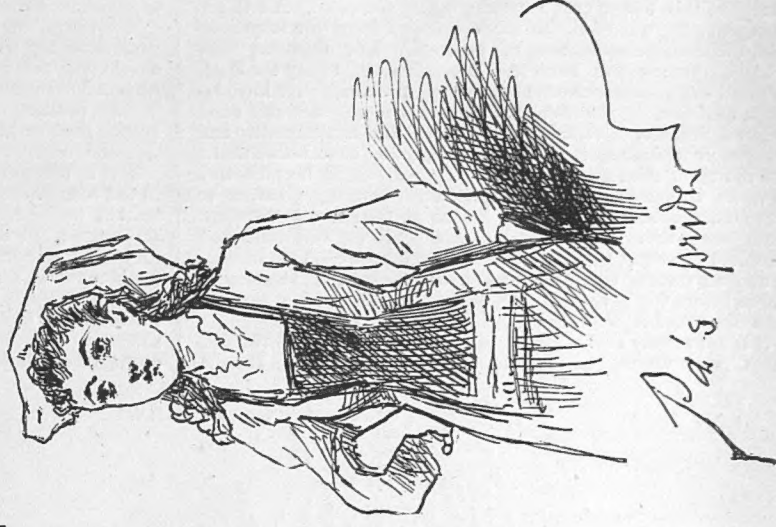


Brother and Sister



A charming piece of folly

A lot of powder & patches



Pa's pride

Power Wilson del.



## OUR DEFENCES.\*

STEAM was said to have bridged the Channel, but so long as our fleet maintained its supremacy, there was evidently small chance of this bridge ever becoming a *fait accompli*. All this is changed. By reason of the modern invention of the torpedo—that diabolical combination of mechanics and chemistry—the bridging process has become a possibility, or to say the least, to avoid any appearance of exaggeration, torpedoes have introduced a considerable element of uncertainty in our first and main line of defence. Without reference to the fish-torpedo and other such appliances, it is, for example, quite conceivable that a line of fixed torpedoes, with connecting gear, could be picketted so as to stretch right across the Channel, forming a barrier to prevent our fleet coming to the rescue at the supreme moment. And should that “silver streak of sea” fail us, we should find ourselves in a sorry plight at the present juncture. Our army is in another state of transition, and at the present rate years must elapse before we have anything that can compare for a moment with the armed legions at the back of continental states.

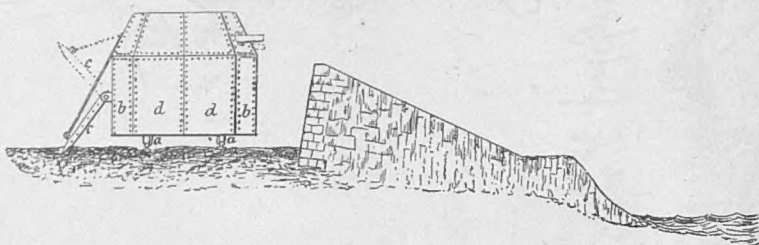
It is not merely that our army is a mere handful in this respect, but what is worse, it is not of the required quality. Russia,

In connection with our present main lines of railway, branch lines or sidings would have to be constructed leading to every strategical point of our coast and into every fort, as far as possible, with requisite platforms either on the incline principle, turntable, or other mechanical arrangement.

Tramways are in their infancy, and it is fully anticipated a general act for steam-tramways will be passed this session. In developing this system of coast-defence, steam tramways would be found to supply a most opportune means of filling up the gaps in our present disconnected line of coast railways, and these branch lines and tramways would in time of peace be of very considerable commercial value.

Nor is this the only point in which the plan recommends itself to the economist. Capt. Walker states:—“One moveable gun is said to be equivalent to ten of the same calibre, if fixed or stationary; but that only applies to horse draft or a rate say of four miles an hour. Now guns mounted in the manner described could move at a speed of twenty miles per hour. Consequently, arguing on these premises, one gun so mounted might be considered equal to fifty stationary guns.” A most important consideration truly, having regard to the enormous price of the heavy ordnance of the present day.

CAMPBELL-WALKER'S RAILWAY GUN-CARRIAGE.



Transverse Section of Line of Railway. Shewing Battery upon it, protected by Glacis.

a a The wheels and rails. b b Iron plate, coming down within a few inches of the rail, to protect wheels from splinters. c Moveable prop or stay to counteract recoil if need be, available also as a ladder. d d Magazine at bottom of truck, accessible by a manhole from above.

Germany, France, Austria and Italy, by means of a universal conscription, draft into their armies the best blood and intelligence of their respective countries; with them it is the nation in arms, with us it is still a case of voluntary recruitment from the lowest stratum or section of our population. The relative conditions are utterly different from what they used to be: Englishmen have never fully realized this fact, or they would with one voice have called on the Government of the day to adopt immediate measures for its rectification, while it is a reproach to statesmen on both sides, that they have shrunk from the responsibility of doing what was imperatively required in the matter, and have lacked the candour of making a full confession of the actual state of affairs.

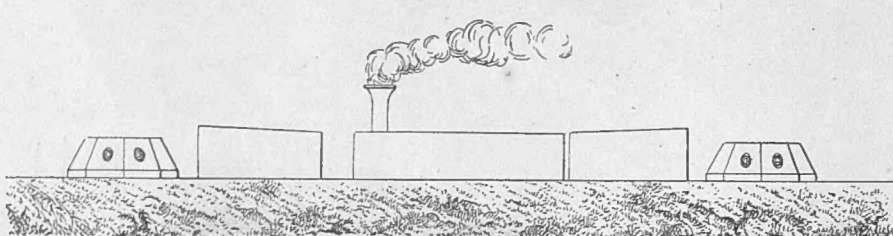
We have said enough, however, to show that any suggestion which has for its object the rendering of our sea-girt island impregnable in itself against the possibility of invasion cannot fail to be of interest at the present time; and without seeking to enter on a discussion as to our Land Forces, we wish to remind our

Capt. Walker's pamphlet also contains valuable hints for making the ordinary railway carriages a cover for riflemen, by means of shot-proof blindage, such as was adopted in the defence of Paris; also for constructing steam tram-lines upon some of our coast roads, when a regular line of railway would be too costly or otherwise impracticable, and which could act as connecting links in a system of coast-railway, for the conveyance of batteries and troops.

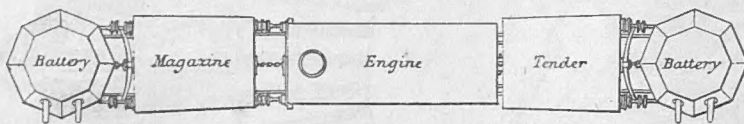
Capt. Walker first mooted his scheme in a paper, read at the Royal United Service Institution, as far back as 1865, but he subsequently embodied it in the pamphlet, which has supplied us with the material for these remarks as well as the accompanying illustrations, which are taken from Capt. Walker's designs, and notwithstanding the time that has elapsed since Capt. Walker initiated his idea, we do not think, having regard to the course of events, that any excuse is required on our part for directing attention to his proposal in these columns.

The scheme certainly demands the attention of Government, an

CAMPBELL-WALKER'S RAILWAY ARTILLERY BATTERY.



Elevation of Railway Artillery Battery in Embankment.



Scale of 0 2 3 4 5 10 15 20 25 30 Feet

Plan.

governors, as Capt. A. Campbell-Walker reminds us in the pamphlet now before us, that by a little ingenuity our “wonderful resources” in gold and iron may be turned to new account for the protection of the country.

We shall now explain the nature of Capt. Campbell-Walker's proposals, as set forth in his pamphlet on “Coast Railways and Railway Artillery,” starting with the propositions that,—“first, *ubiquity* is the desideratum of warfare in modern times; secondly, that to provide an army with this ubiquity, the railway and the electric telegraph are the most important aids in every military point of view; and thirdly, that it is for that side which acts on the defensive, and possesses undisputed command of the interior, lines that railways (including the telegraph wires) are ‘all in all.’” Capt. Walker then develops his scheme of portable batteries as a means of national defence. Without entering into details, his idea is simply to take full advantage of our railway system, in connection with our insular position, by providing means of concentrating with unerring certainty on any given points of the coast, before the enemy can possibly set foot on the shore, a crushing force of artillery, such as would render the disembarkation and landing of men and material a practical impossibility. “Let as many of our heaviest guns as practicable be mounted on railway gun-carriages, so as to form powerful movable batteries, which can be sent fully equipped in fighting order direct by railway to any required point. These batteries would be practically (Capt. Walker contends) moving fortresses carrying with them enough for men and guns. There would be no horses to take fright, to be killed, or to be fed. One of these batteries, after enfilading one flank of the invaders with its fire, could—before they had recovered their morale—rush off to find a more vulnerable flank. The system does not require to be restricted to guns of any one calibre. It might be applied equally well to pieces of any size, for the recent experimental trials of the 81-ton gun, have proved that the heaviest ordnance can be moved and fought on railway metals with decided advantage.”

no doubt were we involved in war to-morrow, it or some similar system would be adopted.

Meanwhile, spite of Capt. Walker's efforts in this direction there is not such a thing as a *Railway Gun-carriage* in the country, a fact which speaks for itself.

“GLOVE FIGHTS.”—Mr. Bushby, one of the ablest and most experienced of our metropolitan magistrates, has given a decision which will go no little way towards the suppression of those disreputable exhibitions known as “glove fights.” It seems that the proprietor of a certain skating rink in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green let his premises for the evening for an entertainment, which he described as an “assault of arms,” but which was in reality a sparring meeting. The scene that ensued was one which is usual on such occasions. A mob of roughs thronged the place and created a most abominable disturbance, and at the instance of an inspector of police, who purposely attended the exhibition, a summons was taken out against the proprietor for allowing his premises to be used as a disorderly house. Mr. Bushby in the exercise of his discretion, found the case proved, and inflicted the full fine of £5 and costs. The decision is, in its way, a precedent, and will do a great deal towards the suppression of these thinly-disguised prize fights, with all their concomitant ruffianism. An “assault of arms” legitimately conducted is like a cricket match or a game at tennis, a sight pleasant even to those who do not understand its *minutiae*, and positively fascinating for such among the spectators as come to it with any technical knowledge. When, however, the so-called contest resolves itself, as in the case of boxing, into a mere trial of physical strength between a pair of more or less equalled matched combatants, the issue is sure to be a display of rough brutality, certain to end, sooner or later, in a disgraceful riot. “Glove fights” as they are called are a mere attempt to revive the prize ring under a shallow disguise, exactly as gambling clubs are an attempt to revive the “hells” in which our grandfathers lost their money. Should the other metropolitan magistrates adopt Mr. Bushby's decision as a precedent, a summary stop will be put to a very serious nuisance.—*Observer*.

CHAPPUIS' DAYLIGHT REFLECTORS for Schools.—Factory, 69, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]

## MISS LIZZIE COOTE.

THE subject of our notice, whose portrait appears on the front page, is the daughter of Mr. Chas. Coote, a name which is in itself a passport to the favour of dance-music all over the English-speaking world. It may be taken also as accounting, in some measure, for the early developed musical ability of a remarkably talented young artiste. When only nine years of age she made a successful tour in America, singing and acting in most of the principal cities of the United States. On her return to England she appeared for a “short season” at the Canterbury Hall, London. Her next engagement was at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, where she sustained the principal character in the pantomime, *Hop o' my Thumb*. Her success in that piece was so great that the Lessee, Mr. Nye Chart, undertook a provincial tour with her, which proved highly successful. He again secured her services for the ensuing season pantomime at his theatre. Her next engagement of importance was at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, in the pantomime *Aladdin*, where she displayed so much talent, that at the termination of Mrs. John Wood's engagement, she was requested by the management to play the leading rôle, which had up to that time been played by Mrs. John Wood. This arduous task she accomplished in a manner that at once placed her in a high position as a Burlesque Actress. The following year she appeared at the Surrey Theatre in the character of Zephro, in the pantomime *Jack and Gill*. At the close of the season she was engaged by Mr. Henderson for Opera Bouffe, playing in *Piff Paff*, &c., parts originally assigned to Miss Ellen Chapman. She has also appeared during the past year at the Adelphi and Princess's Theatres, London, where she has displayed abilities that have added fresh laurels to her name. She is now performing the principal part in the pantomime at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester—where by her vivacity and grace both in her singing and in her acting, she has considerably added to the number of her admirers. Our portrait is taken from a photograph issued by the London Stereoscopic Company.

## CHESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. V. E.—You seem to be quite right, but the Problem admits of another solution by Kt to K5. Your solution can be stopped, we think, by putting a White pawn at K R 4.

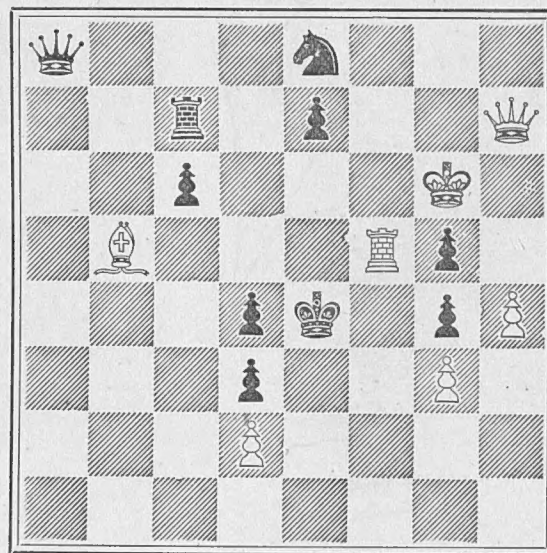
F. Stocken, J. Thursby, and A. W. D. C. are thanked for their problems, which we hope shortly to make use of.

J. S.—We are not surprised at your curiosity, but we decline to gratify it. Solutions of Problem, No. 170, by G. D., J. G. and R. F. are correct.

## PROBLEM NO. 172.

By J. THURSBY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting game played last month at Simpson's between Messrs. Earnshaw and Macdonnell.

## [Two Knights' Defence.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Macdonnell.)	(Mr. Earnshaw.)	(Mr. Macdonnell.)	(Mr. Earnshaw.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	26. K to Q 2	P to R 3
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	27. Kt to R 3	B to K 4
3. B to B 4	Kt to B 3	28. B to Kt 5	R to K Kt sq
4. Kt to Kt 5	Kt takes P (a)	29. P to K B 4	B to B 3
5. B takes P (ch)	K to K 2	30. P to R 4	R takes B (f)
6. Kt takes Kt (b)	K takes B	31. B P takes B	P to B 5
7. Q to B 3 (ch)	K to K sq	32. R to R 3	R to B 4
8. P to Q 4 (c)	P to Q 3	33. P to B 4	P to B 3
9. P to B 3	B to K 2	34. P takes P	P takes P
10. P to Q 5	R to K B sq	35. K takes P	P to Q 4
11. Q to R 5 (ch)	P to Kt 3	36. Kt to B 2	P takes P
12. Q takes R P	B to B 4	37. K takes P	P to B 4
13. Kt to Kt 3	R to B 2	38. Kt to K sq	R to K sq
14. Q to R 8 (ch)	R to B sq	39. Kt to B 3	R to K 5 (ch)
15. Q to R 6	Kt to Kt sq	40. K to Kt 3	R to K 6 (ch)
16. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	41. K to R 4	R to K 7
17. Q to Kt 6 (ch)	R to B 2	42. R to R 2 (g)	R to K 5 (ch)
18. B to R 6	Kt to Q 2	43. K to R 3	P to B 5
19. Kt to R 3	P to K 5	44. P to B 6	R to R 4 (ch)
20. Kt to Kt 5	Kt to K 4	45. K to Kt 4	R to Kt 4 (ch)
21. Q to Kt 8 (ch)	K to Q 2	46. K to B 3	R to R 6 (ch)
22. Q takes Q	R takes Q	47. K takes P	R takes P
23. Castles Q R (d)	Kt to Q 6 (ch)	48. P to Kt 7	R to Kt sq
24. R takes Kt	P takes R	49. P to R 5 and wins.	
25. B to B 4 (e)	B to B 3		

(a) Black is well acquainted with this opening in all its details, and knows this move to be very venturesome, but is partial to it as being very lively.

(b) P to Q 4 is the “Book” move, but we question its superiority to the move in the text.

(c) Best move, and one that gives a decided advantage to White.

(d) This loses the exchange, but more than an equivalent therefore is obtained in Pawns and position.

(e) A necessary precaution.

(f) This exchange of Bishops is disastrous to Black.

(g) White has now an easy victory before him.

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\* *Coast Railways and Railway Artillery* by Capt. Arthur Campbell-Walker, F.R.G.S., author of “The Rifle: its theory and practice,” &c., late Staff School of Musketry and 79th Highlanders.



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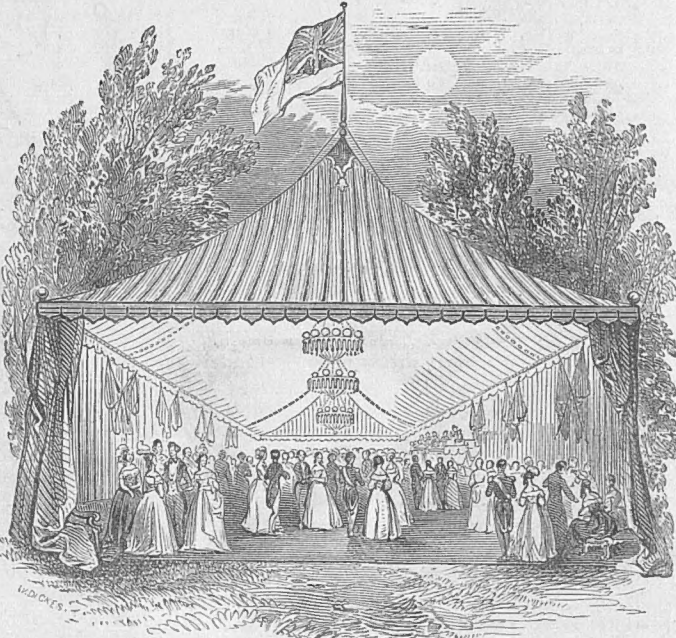
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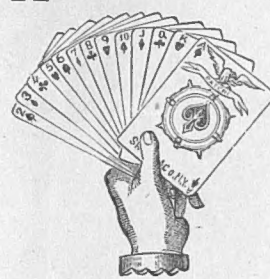
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